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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. MAY 1, 1817. No. XVII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The Sketch of the Life of Sir Robert Wigram *shall certainly have a place in our next number.*

We disclaim any intention of arraigning either the taste or the penetration of our fair correspondent who signs Lady Downie, *when we inform her* ladyship, *that we cannot adopt her* protégé.

A Dramatic Epistle—The History of Celadon, *and various other articles, are unavoidably deferred till our next.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 26.—A VILLA.

Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and other celebrated landscape-painters of the seventeenth century, introduced forms of buildings in their compositions that were well suited to the poetic feeling obvious in the works of those great masters; the feature is common to the countries in which they painted, but it was by them wrought to a higher degree of elegant and judicious conformity with the chief subjects of their pencils, than could be expected to exist in buildings generally erected without other considerations than such as merely related to fitness and conveniency. From these artists our own painters have adopted a similar *contour* in their representations of buildings in pictures of ideal scenery, in which the higher or poetic class of landscape is represented, until, at length, it may be termed, in consequence of its frequent use, the painter's style of buildings: thus the subject of the annexed plate being a design for the residence of one of our first artists, the forms have been selected from works of pictorial beauty.

This villa is also suited to the man of literary study, or to the amateur of taste, as the apartments arranged for the painter's accommodation are equally well disposed for a library, or for a collection of works of art.

A is the entrance, approached by a flight of steps from the carriage-road, and sheltered by a porch formed by a small building of the Corinthian order of architecture, which contains the ante-room B, or cabinet for small pictures: this room would also form the library, the books being contained in dwarf cases, over which the paintings would be suspended. C is the picture-gallery, lighted from above, and communicating with the painting-room D: this room is the whole height of the building, and receives its light from above the lean-to *a*, which contains a room for the preparation of colours and for the attendant. These rooms are sepa-

rated from the domestic part of the house, except at *b*, by the entrance hall A, from which the hall and staircase E are approached: this communicates with the drawing-room F and the dining-room G, which open to each other by folding doors: the differing forms and proportions of these rooms, aided by the symmetry of the other parts of it, would have a very pleasing effect, particularly if mirrors were placed over each of the chimney-pieces. A jib-door forms an entrance to the passage H, and is used for the service of dinner. I is a closet, and K the pantry. L is the entrance for the servants, M is the kitchen, N the scullery, and O the larder. Cellar-room would be obtained beneath the whole or any part of this building, provided it were so placed as to allow proper means of drainage from the parts excavated to form them. The staircase leads to the chambers, and also to an observatory, which would afford an agreeable study or secluded museum.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

FILTERING-MACHINE.

All our readers are aware of the great variety of machines for filtering water, which of late years have been offered to their notice. The expense and the complicated nature of some of them, and the imperfection or inutility of others, are too obvious to require any comment. We propose to describe a filter more perfect than any hitherto in common use, and which, although no new discovery, will not on that account be the less useful. It may be furnished complete for sixpence.

Charcoal, when employed as a filter, acts in two ways: in the state of dust or fine powder, it acts on the water percolating through it just as sand, and as the filtering stones usually sold; but besides the mechanical action, it also possesses the power of acting chemically on the water, so as to deprive it of any unpleasant taint or smell which it may happen to contain. This water is thus doubly purified; and it having been noticed about three years ago, that any charcoal of animal substances possesses this purifying quality in greater perfection than that from wood, it is obvious that the former should be adopted in the most perfect filters.

All that is necessary is, to place two or three ounces of ivory black (which is the charcoal of bones) between some folds of cotton or muslin; to inclose this in a small box of tin plate, shaped like a round snuff-box, and of which the top and bottom are pierced with numerous small holes. The thickness of the box may be an inch or less. It is to be placed at the bottom of any vessel of wood or stone-ware, to which this sieve can be made to correspond. The water contained in the vessel will drop through, free from all dust or impurities most usually mixed with it, and also free from all smell or disagreeable taint. The charcoal will not be required

to be renewed oftener than once in six months, or more; the box may then be opened, and new ivory-black placed in it, after the old is thrown away.

CURE FOR DAMAGED CORN.

The following experiment having been repeatedly tried, and found to remedy, in a great degree, the defects of the worst kind of wheat, which was previously conceived to be unfit for bread, we are requested to give it publicity:—

Let eight quarts of flour be tied up firmly in a cloth or bag, and boiled two hours, or four quarts of flour boiled one hour, the pot being uncovered during the process. After which it is to be rolled until it becomes smooth and cold; when yeast is to be added, and the whole kneaded rather soft, and immediately put into an oven *well* heated.

CHEAP METHODS OF COOKING RICE.

1. *Savoury Rice.*—Put one pound of rice into three quarts of boiling water; let it remain for twenty minutes, then skim the water, and add one ounce of hog's-lard, and a little salt and allspice, and let it simmer gently over the fire, closely covered, for an hour and a quarter, when it will be fit for use. If it is to be kept, it should be set by in an earthen pan, covered with a wooden cover. It will produce rather more than eight pounds of savoury rice.—This receipt is used by the Bishop of Durham in the counties of Durham and Oxford, and above 4000 persons partake of this savoury rice.

2. *Baked Rice-Pudding.*—Put a pound of rice into three quarts of skimmed milk, and add four ounces of treacle (or a little pepper and salt), and bake it: it will nearly make eight pounds of pudding.—This is the receipt used at the Foundling Hospital. The rice is soaked over-night in water.

3. *Macaroni Rice.*—Put a pound of rice into five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will be of the consistency of thick paste; then add two pints of skimmed milk, and two ounces of strong Cheshire cheese grated pretty fine, and a little pepper and salt, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce near nine pounds of macaroni rice.—This makes a pleasant dish for table, but it costs more than the receipt No. 5, and is not so well liked by the cottager.

4. *Rice and Barley Porridge.*—Put one pound of rice and one pound of Scotch barley into two gallons of water, and boil them very gently for four hours over a slow fire. Then add four ounces of treacle and one ounce of salt, and let the whole simmer for half an hour more.—This is much used at Montrose, and in some other parts of Scotland, and has been greatly approved.

5. *Sweet Rice-Pudding.*—Put a pound of rice in five pints of cold water, and boil it gently for two hours, by which time it will become of the consistency of thick paste; then add two pints of skimmed milk and four ounces of treacle, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce near nine pounds of sweet rice-pudding.—This is recommended as a cheap, wholesome, and palatable food for children.

POWERFUL SOLVENT IN CALCULOUS COMPLAINTS.

Boil thirty-six raw coffee-berries for one hour in a quart of soft spring or river water; then bruise the berries, and boil them again another hour in the same water; add thereto a quarter of a tea-spoonful of the dulcified spirit of nitre, and take daily a half-pint cup of it at any hour that is convenient. Its efficacy will be experienced after taking it for two months.

BEES.

The Norfolk Agricultural Society has called the attention of those who feel themselves interested in the welfare of cottagers, to the following extract from the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the word *Apiary*:—

"As to the various methods detailed of procuring honey and wax from the hives, without destroying the bees themselves: the most economic mode of attaining these ends deserves more attention as a national object, than it has in general received in this country. It appears, from the returns of the Customhouse, that England pays annually to the north of Germany from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* sterling for the wax and honey which are imported from thence, and which might very easily be raised by a more extended and judicious cultivation of bees at home. Greater attention to this useful appendage to the cottage would not only be productive of commercial advantage, but would tend to improve the condition of the lower order of peasantry. It is not generally known, indeed, what profitable returns may be obtained at a trifling expense of time and labour, by very simple processes. Mr. Huish, who has lately published a valuable practical treatise on the management of bees, has made a calculation, from which he infers, that even supposing the first cost of a swarm to be one guinea, which is the price in the places where they are sold the dearest, the cottager is almost certain, by proper care and management, of clearing in five years a net produce of nearly 60*l.* and of having besides, at the end of that period, ten good stocks of bees in his garden."

FEEDING OF CATTLE AND POULTRY.

Horses are the better for being kept clean and curried, and probably cows and oxen would be equally benefited. In a description of Norway, it is stated, that when the cows drink at the hot springs, they give more milk than those that drink cold water . might not the practice of warming the water for cows in cold weather prove serviceable? The next suggestion is not merely a suggestion —the experiment has been tried. Corn given to fowls should be crushed and soaked in water; this helps the digestion, and hens will lay in winter when so fed that would not otherwise.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

JACOBA COUNTESS OF HAINAULT.

THE records of history present few narratives more interesting than the history of Jacoba, the only child of William Count of Hainault, and Margaret of Burgundy. She was born at the end of the fourteenth century, when her family possessed the sovereignty not only of Hainault, but also of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland. Connected by consanguinity and affinity with some of the most illustrious houses in Europe, and distinguished by beauty and mental accomplishments, Jacoba was married at the age of fifteen to the Duke of Touraine, second son of Charles VI. King of France, who became Dauphin on the death of his elder brother a few months after their nuptials. The flattering prospect opened to her by this alliance, soon vanished; in the second year of their marriage the Dauphin died suddenly, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his unnatural mother, Isabella of Bavaria, to whom may justly be applied this character given to Catherine de Medici by Dr. Robertson:—"Her boundless and daring ambition never recoiled from any action necessary towards attaining the objects which she had in view."

No sooner had Jacoba become a widow than her father, with a view to strengthen the succession of the house of Hainault, planned an alliance for his daughter with the neighbouring Duke of Brabant, a prince who had no qualifications either of person or mind to win the heart of Jacoba. He urged in his dying injunctions the completion of this match; and when his decease in **1417** made the princess mistress of his extensive possessions, those injunctions were powerfully seconded by the solicitations of her mother, who foresaw that such an union might ultimately prove advantageous to the house of Burgundy, from which the Duke of Brabant was descended. Jacoba, from deference to her parents, who were influenced by motives of state policy alone, consented, at the age of eighteen, to a marriage with a man for whom she felt no affection; and this ill-advised step proved the grand source of her subsequent misfortunes.

It was not long before the indifference which Jacoba felt for her husband was converted by his conduct into contempt. Her uncle John of Bavaria, having asserted an unfounded claim to Holland and Hainault, appeared in arms in the former province. The princess, endued with a courage equal to her beauty, took the field at the head of her Hainault troops, and performed prodigies of valour; which, however, were rendered ineffectual by the pusillanimity of her husband, who spread dejection and dismay among the ranks of the Brabanters. At length, ashamed of the disgraceful part which he acted, he withdrew his troops from Holland, commanded Jacoba to

follow him to Brabant, and concluded an ignominious peace with his antagonist.

It is easy to conceive what impression this dastardly conduct of the duke was likely to make, in that age of romance and chivalry, upon the mind of his high-spirited and martial consort. She was filled with shame and disgust, and on her return to court, she expressed in strong terms her feelings of indignation. This want of policy on her part produced the effect which it might naturally be expected to have upon a narrow and sordid mind. Neglecting the princess, the duke indulged in the lowest debaucheries; and not satisfied with estranging himself from her society, he treated her with every kind of contumely, harshness, and brutality. Personal neglect from such a man could not, under all the circumstances of the case, excite in the mind of Jacoba any other sentiment than regret for having bestowed her hand upon one to whom she could not give her heart; but his ill usage, which would have sufficed to alienate her affection had she felt any for him, changed her contempt into resentment. Giving way to the dictates of anger, she resolved to withdraw entirely from her husband and Brabant, and retire to her native country, Hainault. This resolution she carried into effect in the full lustre of her beauty, when she had attained only her twentieth year.

With a heart susceptible of all the tenderness of love, and feeling the anguish of the bitterest disappointment in her union with the Duke of Brabant, she availed herself of a plea for dissolving it, which had been deemed so strong an objection to the marriage as to require a papal dispensation; namely, the nearness of blood. While she sought upon this ground to obtain a divorce from the Duke of Brabant, she became acquainted with a prince who quickly made a complete conquest of her heart. This was the handsome, brave, and accomplished Humphry Duke of Gloucester, the youngest brother of Henry V. King of England. At their first interview Jacoba made a visible impression upon the duke; and they soon became warmly and mutually attached. The duke, however, though captivated by the charms of the princess, was not dead to ambition; and the prospect of attaining to the sovereignty of so many rich and extensive provinces, stimulated his eagerness to have the former marriage of Jacoba annulled. While they were indulging the hope of a speedy accomplishment of this object, a kinsman of Jacoba, Philip Duke of Burgundy, exerted all his power to raise obstacles to the intended union. Already master of large domains in the Netherlands, and ambitious to augment the power of his house in that country, Philip aspired to the possession of the patrimony of the princess, and therefore had recourse to all the arts of political intrigue to prevent her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester. Notwithstanding his powerful opposition to the match, especially in the English court, where he had considerable influence, the cause of love triumphed. The marriage of Jacoba with the Duke of Brabant was annulled by the Pope; the princess repair-

ed to England, where she was received with extraordinary distinction by the king and the court, and married with great pomp to Humphry, who now assumed the title of Count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand.

After some time the Duke of Gloucester passed over with the princess to Hainault, and every thing seemed to promise the illustrious pair an uninterrupted enjoyment of public and domestic felicity. This pleasing prospect, however, was of short duration; and Jacoba's union with the English prince proved to her a source of greater misery than she had yet experienced. Soon after her return she began to feel the effects of the resentment of the Duke of Burgundy, who inveighed bitterly against the levity of her conduct, and loudly complained of the wrong done to the Duke of Brabant. Joining his troops to those of the latter, they invaded Hainault, and defeated the Duke of Gloucester with great slaughter at Braine. Humphry returned to England to collect reinforcements. The princess had at first determined to accompany him, but overcome by the importunities of the inhabitants of Mons, who vowed to defend her during the absence of her husband, she consented to fix her abode in that city until the arrival of the expected succours. She soon had cause to repent of the confidence which she had placed in the promises of the people of Mons, who, having been seduced from their allegiance by the Duke of Burgundy, compelled her to surrender, and she was conveyed as a prisoner to Ghent. In this extremity the courage and address of Jacoba did not forsake her; and she found means to escape, disguised in man's apparel, to her province of Holland, where she was soon at the head of a numerous force. Her enemy the Duke of Burgundy hastened with his army to that country, and defeated a body of English sent thither to her aid. This stroke was followed by fresh disasters in other quarters, and by domestic troubles still more severe. Pope Martin V. having triumphed over Benedict, who had annulled the first marriage of Jacoba, was prevailed upon by the Duke of Burgundy to confirm that marriage, and to issue a bull dissolving the second, with the addition of a severe clause, restraining her from marrying the Duke of Gloucester even in case of the decease of the Duke of Brabant. But the blow that inflicted the deepest wound on the heart of Jacoba was the inconstancy of Gloucester, who, under various pretexts, which thinly veiled his passion for the daughter of Lord Cobham, who afterwards became his wife, declared his intention of separating from the Princess of Hainault, and has thus left a stain upon his memory which all his great and popular qualities cannot efface. Thus forsaken by the ungrateful Gloucester, deserted by her perfidious subjects, and pressed by the forces of the Duke of Burgundy, the unfortunate Jacoba, after many displays of a noble and valiant spirit, was obliged to yield to the latter; and the terms which he prescribed were such as plainly evinced the motives by which he had been actuated. It was stipulated that all the dominions of the princess should be governed by himself, with the title

of her lieutenant; and that, being now a widow, by the death of the Duke of Brabant, she should never contract another marriage without his consent and that of the states of her provinces.

Jacoba was not more than twenty-seven years of age when these rigorous terms were imposed upon her. She submitted to her hard fate with a magnanimity becoming her heroic character; and stripped of every thing but the name of a sovereign, she retired to the province of Zealand, where she lived upon a pittance allowed her by the Duke of Burgundy. Here she had leisure to indulge those painful reflections which the vicissitudes of her life suggested. Sometimes to relieve her melancholy, she joined in the sports of the villagers, and instituted exercises in horsemanship and archery. In these exercises, in which she delighted, and which were so congenial to her active and martial spirit, she was delighted to win the prize and to be proclaimed queen of the rural sports.

In this manner did Jacoba pass two years, her beauty as yet but little impaired by time or the sorrows of her life; when love, which had proved the source of so many distresses, once more surprised her in this retirement, and prepared for her new misfortunes. Among the noblemen of Holland who had been most hostile to Jacoba, and had on that account been rewarded by the Duke of Burgundy, was Francis Borselen, Lord of Martendyke. He possessed large estates in Zealand, where he frequently resided; but his opposition to the interest of the princess long kept him at a distance from her, till accident introduced him to her acquaintance. Her mother sent her a fine horse as a present from Hainault; but Jacoba, from the extreme parsimony of the Duke of Burgundy, was unable to reward so liberally as she wished the person by whom the horse was brought. Borselen, learning her distress from a servant, took occasion to supply her with a considerable sum, in such a delicate manner that the princess, forgetting the enmity which he had manifested towards her, intimated a wish to have an opportunity of thanking her benefactor in person. Kindness from one whom she had long considered as a foe, filled the tender heart of Jacoba with feelings of gratitude and admiration, and personal acquaintance prepossessed her still more in favour of Borselen, who united the most engaging manners with a handsome figure. A growing inclination for this nobleman, strengthened perhaps by the solitude in which she lived and the restraints imposed upon her, at last took complete possession of her heart, and she could no longer conceal the impression which he had made. Jacoba's charms had kindled a reciprocal passion in the bosom of Borselen; and regardless of the disparity of rank and the engagements by which she was shackled, she united herself with him by a private marriage.

The Duke of Burgundy was no sooner apprised of this event by the spies whom he kept to watch the conduct of Jacoba, than he hastened to draw from it that advantage which it afforded to his ambition. Though really well pleased, he affected vehement indig-

nation. He ordered Borselen to be apprehended, and conveyed to the castle of Rupelmonde, situated in Flanders, at the conflux of the Rupel and the Scheld. In order to alarm the princess, he caused a report to be spread, that the life of Borselen should atone for the presumption of which he had been guilty. Jacoba, anxious to save her husband from the danger in which his attachment to her had involved him, collected a small force in Zealand, and having equipped some vessels, sailed up the Scheld, in the hope of surprising Rupelmonde and delivering Borselen. On her approach, she learned that her design was known, that a large force was assembled to oppose her, and that the duke himself was in the castle. Disappointed in her plans, she requested to speak from her vessel with her cousin the Duke of Burgundy; who agreed to the conference. She inquired, with all the anxiety of love, if her husband was still alive. In answer to this question, the duke ordered Borselen to be brought out upon the terrace bordering the river; upon which the princess, with her characteristic ardour, overjoyed at the sight of so dear an object, and forgetting that she was placing herself in the power of the duke, leaped from the vessel upon the shore, and eagerly ran to embrace her husband.

Philip had now obtained the advantage which he sought; and detaining the princess, wrought so powerfully on her fears for her husband, that, to purchase his freedom and life, she consented to yield to the Duke of Burgundy the entire sovereignty of all her dominions. Having thus gained the object to which he had long aspired, the duke took possession of her states, which, accustomed to his controul, and alienated by his arts from their rightful sovereign, quietly submitted to his government. In return for these concessions, he assigned to the princess certain estates in Holland and Zealand, which she, in her unbounded affection, bestowed as a free gift on her husband, who was created by Philip Count of Ostervant, and decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece.

Thus were the provinces of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Friesland acquired by Philip, and by him transmitted to his descendants. This prince has been distinguished by the epithet of *the Good,* to which he is in some degree entitled by the mildness of his government; but impartial history will always reproach him with his ungenerous treatment of this princess, his kinswoman. Jacoba, who had now exchanged all her pompous titles for that of Countess of Ostervant, retired to Zealand, to enjoy the pleasures of a comparatively humble station in the society of a husband who gave her unequivocal proofs of entire affection, and whose love she rewarded with the possession of her whole heart. She died at the age of thirty-six. During the last and happiest period of her life, she was accustomed to amuse herself in making vases of earthenware, many of which were afterwards found in the lake that surrounded the mansion where she resided, and were long preserved by the people of the country with religious veneration.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 27.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER V.

I PARTED unwillingly from my friend; but I took with me a tranquillity, a confidence, and a satisfaction which I am unable to describe. Night, says the proverb, is no man's friend; but after such a day, I found it so to me, and in a greater degree than ever.

I smiled from a feeling of supreme content as I pulled the bedclothes over me, like a man who has gained a very complicated cause; and this smile still played about my lips when I was awakened in the morning by the arrival of my friend and adviser.

From the pleasing conversation which ensued and occupied the forenoon, I shall select for your amusement his medicinal precepts. —"You have taken many circuits," said he gravely, "to get away from Nature; and now you cannot wonder, if she takes as many before she suffers you to find her again. You have read and studied till you have ceased to understand yourself. And what has been the result of all your philosophical researches? You have sacrificed the greatest blessing that nature can bestow—*health.* Your head is weakened, your stomach debilitated, your intestines contracted, and your pulse disordered. How is it possible that such a creaking, crazy machine can perform the duties required of man? How can such a miserable creature be a useful citizen, an active friend, a kind master, a tender husband, and a father of healthy, lively children? For what part in the theatre of the world is such a rusty puppet adapted? To be taunted, shunned, ill-treated—to sink unlamented and unmissed into the grave: such is its fate, and—alas! that I am obliged to say it—such is thine?"

"Stop, my dear Jerome," cried I with trembling lips, interrupting this by no means flattering address, "otherwise you will kill me by this horrid picture. Never could I have supposed that it was necessary to possess health in order to be worthy of the regard of a physician. But set the physician aside, and advise me as an indulgent friend; or at least let us have only just so much of the former as is necessary for the repair of this disordered machine."

The kind-hearted Jerome pressed my hand with mingled pity and affection. "Listen to my advice, my dear William," continued he in a more familiar tone, "and all may yet be well. Fortunately you are going to the country of levity: avail yourself of this circumstance for the restoration of your mind and body, as others abuse it to their ruin. Welcome merriment and laughter wherever you find them. Avoid each and all of those who are announced to you as great men—all authors—the wonder-doctors of all faculties—and shun above all things, those magazines of pedantry, the libra-

ries, which crowd almost every town, raise the rents of houses, and which, if the rage for collecting continues for a thousand years longer, will at last fill the whole wide world to the exclusion of mankind, without rendering them in the mean time a single degree happier. Seek entertainment no where but in the woods, amid the song of the birds and beside the purling streamlet. Give yourself up entirely for some time to that happy kind of indolence, which nevertheless demands more activity than many an office in the state. Beware of engaging in the great process of illumination; and be upon your guard against the vice of ill-humour, that when your house is on fire you may not be trying with a telescope to discover whence the smoke proceeds. Let your wisdom teach you to play with the follies and foibles of others, and to allow them the same liberty in regard to yours, without harbouring distrust or ill-will. Consider how pure his virtues must be who denies any to others; since it is only from the movements of our own hearts that we can fathom those of our fellow-men. Neither dismiss without ceremony like a beggar every roguish passion that knocks for admittance. Let the generous wine of that country be your medicine, the glowing cheek of the *brunette* your physician, and the sports of love your philosophy!"

It was impossible to curb my impatience any longer. "Whither," cried I hastily, "would your epicurean prescriptions lead me at last? But it is not likely that I shall abuse them. The sports of love! Bravo, Jerome! bravo! As well might you recommend to me the drum and the hobby-horse of my infancy. If you knew with what perfect indifference I look down upon that intoxication of the senses—if you knew that my meditations have brought me some degrees farther than the great Buffon's carried him—that I not only, like him, find nothing on the spiritual side of love to reward a man for his pains, but have no relish for the gratification which he allows to its physical part—most assuredly, dear Jerome, you would alter your recipe. If my recovery is to depend solely on the charms of a female face, on the kisses of a pair of pouting lips—on wine and mirth, lounging and love—why then, my friend, I am lost to all intents and purposes!"

"O ye wiseacres!" exclaimed Jerome, "have ye not then discovered, that different situations produce a difference in men, and that other climates beget other sensations? Though to a giddy youth my advice would be like poison in the hands of one ignorant of its properties; to you, on the contrary, it is a kindly balsam, calculated only to restore a wholesome circulation. Take, if you will not be dissuaded, the longer route to this genial country in preference to the shorter. Treat yourself a little longer, if you please, like a rude mass, the rust of which must be scraped off before any one can tell what it is composed of. For the rest, I cannot help laughing at your boasted superiority to Buffon. How quickly will your thick-blooded morality evaporate when it has been thoroughly warmed by the dissolving sun of that friendly clime!"

"I am afraid, my dear jocose

friend," said I half smiling, "that I shall find your predictions of to-day still more apocryphal than those of yesterday. You would have perplexed me not a little with them while I was sitting before your bed, and considering your oracles as eccentric inspirations. To-day my heart is much less ill at ease, and your friendship is of more importance to me than your power of divination.—But, my dear friend, why are you in such a hurry to leave me?"

"To attend a charming girl of fifteen," he replied in a whisper, at the same time pressing me to his heart while tears trickled from his eyes. "She is not indeed of iron or steel," added he, "as might be supposed from the magnetic treatment which she is desirous of undergoing; but so unaffected and fascinating that it must be worth the while of a natural philosopher to listen to her confession, and to dismiss her with some good advice."

"Only, for Heaven's sake," cried I, "not of the same sort as that which you have left me to remember you by!"

Thus we parted sorrowfully and affectionately, but not without a solemn mutual promise not long to lose sight of one another again. Soon afterwards I bade adieu to a place, which had in such an extraordinary manner restored to me one of the friends of my youth, extended my knowledge so surprisingly, and rendered me, as you must have perceived, so very communicative.

I was in hopes, when I had left Strasburg, and the Minster with its tower and its ninety-nine steps, behind me, that, from the harvest which I had reaped there, I should be able to select sufficient choice grain for my own consumption by the way, and to lay up the finest part of it for your use. I was, however, egregiously mistaken. The velocity and the rattling of my carriage along the most superb pavement, by which a victorious potentate can bind a conquered province to his dominions, completely paralysed the faculty of thought. Finding, therefore, the external impressions too powerful for the internal, I patiently resigned myself to the former, and was hurried along by one postillion after another, wholly regardless of day and night, and certain that I should not be the first that ever came devoid of thought to Paris. At the same time, I rejoiced at the wholesome agitation communicated to every part of my frame, and said to myself, that if the rust were not now rubbed away from the gold, it certainly never would be.

To this neutral state the corner of a convenient carriage is admirably suited. Even the noise and bustle that reigned around me as I approached the capital were incapable of rousing me from this state, till, by its incessant increase, it arrived at length at a degree of torture which would have overpowered a still more obstinate self-denial. I started up in a fright, and must have been strangely organised indeed had I not been able to guess where I was. The whole vast moving picture, as if painted by Hellish Breughel himself, appeared before me.

The people at Strasburg had recommended to my John the *Hotel des Quatre Nations*—a not inapposite counterpart to the celebrated institution allotted by Cardinal

Mazarin in his will to the four most cultivated nations of the globe, in order to their farther improvement. As this contrast offered no sufficient reason for rejecting the recommendation given to my John, I promised myself, though an invalid member of one of these nations whose bodies and minds have been so pre-eminently provided for, a good reception—but soon perceived that out of these four nations the German is not the most respectable in the eyes of the French.

"Good apartments?" rejoined the host to my inquiry, examining me at the same time from my beaver cap to my fur boots, and casting a suspicious look first at John and then at Mops—"good apartments?—Oh! yes, plenty in this hotel; but the best are kept for the English, who have sense enough to pay for them according to their value." During this dry explanation he looked me full in the face, and as I began to rub my forehead he proceeded still more drily:—"Up two pair of stairs there are some pretty rooms disengaged—they might do for a German prince or count."—As I was stupid enough not to understand the meaning of this intimation, he at length told me plumply, with evident vexation on account of the dulness of my apprehension—"In one word, sir, I can accommodate you with only one single room in the back-house for yourself and servant, if you will wait in the parlour till the Duke of Dorset's cook, who is just going off, has left it."—"Very well," said I, to put an end to his chatter, and was ushered into the *parloir*.

If ever place did honour to its name it was this. I hurried, on entering it, to an arm-chair that stood in the farthest corner; but this precaution was of little avail. On the other hand, I rendered myself only the more conspicuous to the company assembled there, consisting of furriers, lace-sellers, hatters, mercers, hair-dressers, tailors, sword-cutlers, lottery-office people, pimps, horse-dealers, &c. &c. &c. who presently closed me in, and, with a profusion of words, offered me their services and their commodities. Into what a figure would they quickly have transformed me, had I been in the humour to listen to their persuasions! Instead of making any reply to their eloquent proffers, I clapped my hands to my ears. This hypochondriac sally dispatched them more speedily than the best rhetoric would have done, for a Frenchman is almost as fond of being heard as of hearing himself talk. One single *laquai de place* alone would take no denial, and irritated me to such a degree by his persevering importunacy, as to extort one of the most cordial *Allez au diable!* that was perhaps pronounced on that day in the whole kingdom.

The vehemence with which I uttered this curse only served to bring me into a fresh dilemma, as it disturbed an *abbé*, who, during the previous hubbub, had been snoring in the corner of a window-seat. He rose, reeled, as if but half awake, towards me, familiarly drew a chair close to mine, introduced himself to me as a *Membre du Musée de Paris*, and offered me, before I provided myself in this way, a *cours d: belles lettres* at the low rate of a louis per hour. He assured me that he had given lessons to Ger-

mans, who, at their arrival, had not been able to pronounce so much as the words *Charmante Gabrielle* without fault, and who now———. Just at this moment, fortunately for me, a brawny hackney-coachman, who seemed to have guessed what I wanted infinitely better than the abbé, stepped between us.

"Sir," said he, interrupting with his rough voice the sonorous prattle of the *homme de lettres*, "you must not expect while you sit here to get rid of these importunities and attempts on your purse."—Here the abbé took a pinch of snuff.—"I have a convenient coach, which stands before the door, at your service. Take a ride to escape this tumult till your room is ready. Only say whether you will go to St. Cloud, Marly, Trianon, or La Meute. Or would you rather drive about for an hour or two on the Boulevard?"--My countenance I suppose must have expressed my irresolution.—"Or would you," continued he, shrewdly, "as you seem to dislike the palaces of our kings, prefer a visit to their *Supplices* at St. Denis?"

This proposal took my fancy. "You are my man," said I: "yes, you shall drive me to St. Denis; I cannot better employ the time till the Duke of Dorset's cook makes room for me."—The *membre du Musée* now seemed to repent having condescended to bestow a word upon one who could give a hackney-coachman the preference to him. He turned from me contemptuously, and I must candidly confess, that to me it was perfectly indifferent whether I should ever pronounce *Charmante Gabrielle* properly or not. I followed the coachman, who, with heavy step, cleared the way for me through the *parloir*, and helped me into his *fiacre*.

The desire to escape from the throng of all these officious creatures co-operated, in this instance, with a secret attraction which my heart has always felt for the mausoleums of great and eminent persons. I confess to you, my dear Edward, that in none of the proverbs with which I am acquainted, can I find so much real practical philosophy as in the popular adage, that—a sick hare is better than a dead lion. The simple truth contained in this proverb, though not so high-sounding as many others, is, nevertheless, of the most beneficial influence; and I can boldly appeal to the experience of the majority of mankind, whether they know one that is more consolatory. On this occasion it strewed my way with roses. I felt that though sick, I was still alive. Owing to this feeling, I seemed to myself more good-natured than Henry IV. greater than Louis the Great, and braver than the Chevalier Bayard; and with this impression I reached the ancient edifice which contains their ashes.

You now probably expect me to explore every corner of the church, to compare all the royal names with Henault's catalogue, and to examine what titles are erased upon their tomb-stones. These particulars, unluckily, I cannot furnish, because I never once alighted from the coach, so completely were the attractions which this place had for me while at a distance dissipated as soon as I was there. In spite of the proverb, and all the applica-

tions which this edifice affords such fair opportunities of making, none but a horse or a monk could, in my opinion, remain here longer than a minute with any degree of pleasure.

I ordered my coachman, without a moment's consideration, to turn about immediately, and vowed to St. Denis that no proverb in the world should ever tempt me to such another excursion. Long did the dismal tones of his bells ring in my ears, and prevent me from thinking of any thing else. "Unfortunate wretch!" said I at length to myself, on recollecting that I was now between St. Denis, which lay behind, and the *parloir* before me, "to what sequestered spot wilt thou at last be driven to save thine ears!" It is not less extraordinary than unjustifiable how mankind seize every paltry occasion of making a noise in the world —from the boy's drum to the masses for the souls of kings.

The self-love of this nation, however, is not indeed of the common stamp. It animates, moves, and combines, like a universal thirst of conquest, every individual member of the state to one general object —that is, to extort the applause and admiration of all the nations of the earth. To accomplish this purpose, they openly take the field, and sally forth privately; they never admit themselves to be beaten, and hence chiefly they are invincible. Though the first person whom you meet with in the streets is so poor that he can neither offer you *tabac des fermes* out of a shabby snuff-box, nor exhibit a pair of ruffles peeping from beneath a ragged coat; still I would lay any wager, that you would not have sauntered on with him a quarter of an hour, before he would imagine that he had obliged you to confess, that there is not a nation so powerful, so rich, so witty, so polite, so intelligent, as his own; and however small his share in the national stock may be, still he will to a certainty be better satisfied with his lot than you with yours. These good people know how to meet so readily every objection that can possibly be advanced—they imagine that every human eye must be formed like their own, and cannot comprehend how a stranger can discern poverty under their gaudy attire, a spoiled complexion under their cosmetics, and misery and despair in the labyrinths of their vanity.

A coachman of any other country would assuredly, at my first intimation, have driven straight home, well pleased at the abridgment of his day's work. To my Frenchman, however, the idea how the foreigner would be astonished at the wonders of his city, was infinitely more weighty than any other consideration; and he took a pleasure in making a spontaneous circuit to the finest edifices and places, to be the more sure of producing this impression.

I should perhaps not have remarked, that at this moment I was rather serving him than he me, had he not, on reaching the point which commands the best view of the *Palais de Bourbon* on the one hand, and the *Place Louis XIV.* on the other, suddenly stopped and beckoned to me with a look of inexpressible self-complacency. Little did he imagine that my eyes would pass over all these magnificent ob-

jects to fix upon others of a very different kind, which escaped his notice—or think what pain he occasioned me by this stoppage. As I looked around, my eyes filled with tears, on beholding the half-famished creatures basking in the feeble rays of the sun at the foot of the statue of their boasted monarch. Next moment a youth was torn from the midst of the sufferers, as a victim to the offended laws. Tortured with vain remorse, he rung his emaciated hands, while a portly monk endeavoured to console him in his melancholy situation.

"For Heaven's sake," cried I, putting my head out of the window, "drive on, my friend, drive on!"—I had to repeat this request when the *façade* of the Louvre again tempted him to excite my astonishment, for I beheld only the window at which the hero of St. Bartholomew's night enjoyed the royal diversion of firing down upon his Protestant subjects.

Thus I at length arrived at my hotel, in violent agitation, and firmly resolved to see no more of Paris till my departure the following day, than the room in which I was to succeed the English cook. The landlord had meanwhile had an explanation with my John about the business in which I had behaved so awkwardly. I was received by him with many apologies, and conducted, to my no small satisfaction, past the unlucky *parloir* to the apartments previously destined only for German princes and counts, while I did not consider myself as a whit more distinguished than before.

Here I felt somewhat more comfortable than in the parlour, but no great deal. The drop of dew in the fable that falls into the sea and I in Paris were nearly alike. It was impossible to seclude myself from the distracting noise which rose from the streets of this monstrous city, and pervaded my room like an invisible power, so that I could neither sit nor lie in quiet. I listened and listened again; at length I became familiarized with it, and fell asleep. Next morning, regardless of operas, Thuilleries, and Boulevards, I consigned myself to the *poste royale*, stopped my ears till I had passed the barriers, and kissed my Mops for joy when I had got fairly out of that infernal uproar.

THE TWO SISTERS, OR THE INFLUENCE OF AN AMIABLE DISPOSITION EXEMPLIFIED.

Charlotte Stanhope was, at the age of eighteen, the *belle* of the town near which she resided, and her accomplishments were almost as much talked of as her beauty. When her admirers declared that she was the most delightful girl in the world, they did not take her heart or her temper into the account, since there was little in either to praise, although not much to censure. Her principles were correct, and she never did any thing which she thought actually wrong; but she was of too cold and selfish a disposition to deprive herself of any gratification to promote the happiness of others.

Her sister Rose, a year younger than herself, was in every respect

her opposite; her figure was neither well nor ill forn ed, but the open and animated expression of her countenance would not, in the opinion of a connoisseur in female charms, have compensated for the irregularity of her features.

The sisters were left, by the decease of their parents, while they were still children, to the care of their maternal aunt, Mrs. Bolton. This lady, believing that nothing but accomplishments was wanting to enable her beautiful niece to make a brilliant alliance, bestowed upon her a most expensive education, taking care, at the same time, to impress upon her mind, even from her earliest years, the purpose for which it was given. A generous spirit would have revolted at the mercenary maxims of Mrs. Bolton, but the selfishness of Charlotte's disposition led her to acquiesce in her aunt's policy; and as she advanced towards maturity, the idea of a husband never presented itself unaccompanied by dress, equipage, and all the other *et-ceteras* which constitute the felicity of a modish *belle.*

Charlotte chanced to dance at an assize-ball with Mr. Maitland, a young gentleman of good family and large fortune, who was struck at first sight with the graces of her person, and lost no time in procuring an introduction to her aunt. He soon made proposals in form for Miss Stanhope, which the old lady would have accepted for her niece without scruple, but Maitland was engaged in a law-suit, which, if he lost, would deprive him of a great part of his fortune: true he would still retain an elegant competence, but that was not sufficient to satisfy the ambitious desires either of Mrs. Bolton or her niece. It appeared, however, almost certain that Maitland would gain his cause, and the politic Mrs. Bolton gave him her permission to pay his addresses to Miss Stanhope, declaring, at the same time, that she would not influence her niece's choice. He was accordingly received at her house as the professed suitor of Charlotte, who took care to follow her aunt's instructions, and gave him just hope enough to induce him to persevere, without engaging herself by a promise to reward his passion.

For some time Maitland was so fascinated with the beauty of his mistress, that her faults were either unnoticed, or converted by the magic of affection into virtues; he saw, indeed, that she was often petulant, but this proceeded, as he supposed, from her excessive sensibility. Her silence, when the conversation turned upon literary subjects, he ascribed to her timidity; her visible love of dress and admiration were foibles which had their source, as he believed, in the excessive indulgence of her aunt, and would be easily corrected when she became his wife.

It was not possible for him to be much in company with Rose, who was now also her aunt's inmate, without being insensibly led to admire her constant cheerfulness and unaffected good-nature; he soon saw, that to contribute to the happiness of others formed her highest enjoyment, and that, although she was often unnoticed in the midst of a large party, she was the life of her family circle: she frequently dissipated the clouds which her

sister's capricious humours occasioned, and if by any chance she was absent, every body seemed to miss her.

Maitland pressed his suit with the utmost ardour, but as his law affairs remained still undecided, Charlotte, in pursuance of her aunt's instructions, continued to give him such evasive answers as nearly exhausted his patience. While he was in this state of suspense, Sir John Dudley became acquainted with Mrs. Bolton and her fair niece; and his admiration of Charlotte was so evident, that both herself and her aunt expected every day that he would propose for her.

As there was nothing striking in his person, and his understanding was even below mediocrity, Maitland did not fear in him a formidable rival: too generous himself to place an undue value upon wealth and title, it never occurred to him that Charlotte, whose mind was he thought as lovely as her countenance, could sacrifice him to sordid views. He witnessed the baronet's assiduities without fear, though with some degree of indignation; and he one day paid a visit to Charlotte, determined to remonstrate with her on the subject.

He found her and her sister together. The discomposure visible in Charlotte's countenance made him eagerly inquire what was the matter. "I have been chiding Rose," replied she. "She really makes herself the Lady Bountiful of our village, which at her age is ridiculous, and I cannot get her to acknowledge that she is wrong."

"The pursuits which you object to, my dear sister," said Rose with great good-humour, "certainly injure no one, and they afford me great pleasure; nor do I see after all what claim I have to be considered as a Lady Bountiful, since I neither have nor pretend to have the least knowledge of the healing art."

"But are you not the schoolmistress, the nurse, and even the secretary of all the peasants in the village?" replied Charlotte spitefully. "I protest to you, Mr. Maitland, it was only yesterday that I caught her writing a letter for the mother of our footman, who is laid up with the rheumatism, and attending as patiently to the old woman while she dictated it, as she could have done had she been the amanuensis of a princess. I hope I am far from inhuman, but I confess I never can think it a duty to devote one's time and money entirely to low people."

"Well," cried Rose with vivacity, "I shall soon induce you to acquit me of that folly, for here is a scarf I have just finished embroidering for a young lady of your acquaintance; so you see that I do not devote all my time to low people."

As she spoke, she opened a rich white silk scarf elegantly embroidered. Charlotte exclaimed, the moment she saw it, "Ah, how beautiful! How natural are those flowers! The one I had from France, which my aunt paid such an extravagant price for, was not to be compared to it."

"I am very glad you think so, because I worked it on purpose to present to you."

"To me, my dear girl! How kind you are! But I ought not to take it, you want a scarf so much yourself."

"So I do, but my insignificant

figure would look ten times worse in this showy scarf than it does in my plain pelisse; therefore you see it would be of no use whatever to me, and I have a notion it will become you very much. Let me see," continued she, throwing it over her sister's shoulder, "how you will look in it."

The scarf became Charlotte admirably; and as Rose adjusted it, she turned to Maitland, and said, with a smile of the greatest good-nature, "Do not you think I was right when I said she would look well in it?"

The enraptured Maitland thought she looked beautifully, but at that moment the sweet and benevolent expression which animated the plain features of Rose, rendered her so interesting an object, that Maitland could not help saying to himself, if her person resembled her mind she would be an angel.

He sought in vain for an opportunity to come to an *éclaircissement* with Miss Stanhope, but as he received very favourable intelligence from his lawyer a few days afterwards, she appeared so propitious to his wishes, that he fancied himself certain of her affections. Her hesitation now appeared only the effect of maiden delicacy; in fact, his ardent passion had touched her heart, cold as it was, and, as she was certain that he would gain his cause, she anticipated their union with as much pleasure as she was capable of feeling.

In pursuance of her aunt's advice, however, she declined an immediate marriage, and both ladies congratulated themselves on their prudence, when, at the expiration of a few weeks, Maitland lost his cause. Three days afterwards Sir John Dudley proposed for Charlotte, and was accepted.

The indignation of Maitland counteracted in some degree the grief he could not help feeling; he disdained to reproach his perfidious mistress, whose conduct he now clearly saw through; but so artfully did Mrs. Bolton manage, that he remained ignorant of the share she had taken in the treatment he received. It has been already seen that this good lady belonged to the class of manœuvrers: she had reasons of her own for wishing to continue on good terms with Maitland; and when Lady Dudley had quitted her house for Sir John's residence in Grosvenor-square, she expressed so naturally her regret and indignation at the step her niece had taken, that she easily induced Maitland to resume his former habits of intimacy.

It was then that for the first time he was enabled thoroughly to appreciate the character of Rose. He could not but perceive that she felt a pity for his misfortunes, which she was too delicate to shew. Rumour had not scrupled to deprive him of double the sum he had really lost; and although Mrs. Bolton was acquainted with the exact amount of it, she had not communicated the fact to the innocent Rose, who, regarding him as reduced from extreme affluence to mere competence, felt a wish to convince him by her own conduct, that he would not lose his friends as well as his mistress with his money.

Whenever she saw a cloud upon his brow, she supposed it was occasioned by the conduct of his un-

faithful Charlotte; and as the tenderness of her own heart led her to estimate in its fullest extent his probable regret for the loss of her sister, she endeavoured, by the most delicate but unobtrusive attentions, to divert his chagrin.

Some months elapsed; Maitland talked to Rose of his friendship for her; and he persuaded himself, in fact, that he felt no other sentiment: but a summons to visit a sick friend deprived him of her society for three weeks, and he discovered that life was a blank without her. "Fool that I have been," said he to himself, "not to try before whether I could gain an interest in her heart; how can I hope she will accept the tardy homage which my whole soul now pays to her virtues! She will most probably reject me, and it will be no more than I deserve."

Immediately upon her return he made a declaration of his passion, with more timidity and hesitation than he had ever felt when addressing her beautiful sister. Rose listened to him with surprise. "You deceive yourself," cried she with much *naïveté;* "since my sister's marriage you have been so much with us, that you are accustomed to my society, and as our tastes and sentiments are generally in unison, it is pleasing to you, and you mistake friendship for love."

Maitland tried in vain to convince her that she was wrong. At last he said, "Well, then, since you will not believe me, put me to any trial you please; only tell me, that at the end of a given period you will be mine, and see whether I shall shrink from the conditions you exact, however hard they may be."

The blushing Rose, now obliged to believe his attachment was serious, stipulated for a year of probation, to be passed at a distance from her; but the entreaties of Maitland induced her to abridge it to six months' residence in the metropolis.

He quitted her the next day, and passed half a year in London, without once feeling a single sentiment for the blooming *belles* by whom he was surrounded, which militated against his attachment to her. The everlasting six months, to borrow his own expression, at length expired, and the soft blush and the tender smile with which Rose received him, proved that their pleasure at meeting was reciprocal.

Their marriage took place soon afterwards. It is now ten years since, and Rose has been always charming in the eyes of her husband. They have four fine children; and in the discharge of her various duties, as a wife, mother, and mistress of a family, Mrs. Maitland is loved and reverenced by all who surround her. Her good sense enables her to be the friend and adviser of her husband, while her unaffected sympathy consoles him under those vexations which are the common lot of humanity.

Very different is the fate of her sister. Sir John played the tender husband for nearly three months, and then had recourse to the gaming-table, to relieve him from the *ennui* occasioned by matrimony. Lady Dudley, who was as indifferent as himself, sought for and found consolation in cards and dissipation; and between the gaming debts of the husband, and the little elegant expenses of the wife, the baronet's income diminished

by degrees, till Charlotte was obliged to have recourse to means she would once have been incapable of practising, to support even a tolerable appearance. Sir John and herself seem to agree in one sentiment only, that is, in a cordial detestation of their home and of each other; and Lady Dudley, whose feelings are quickened by the distress she often experiences, bitterly and frequently regrets the false prudence which induced her to sacrifice her happiness at the shrine of mercenary wedlock.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF A LITERARY AMATEUR.

It does not signify, I'll put up with it no longer; and yet without a friend to whom I can unburthen myself, where shall I fly from the severity of my fate? I'll do it!—yes, I'll shame her, and publish my case! Oh! Mr. Editor, I am a plain man, a quiet man, a civil humble man; I want no parties; what is a *rout* to me? *Rout!* yes, indeed, this is no misnomer; for they *rout* me from study to drawing-room, from drawing-room to chamber, and all because, truly, my little woman must have a party. I had made myself the sweetest little sanctuary in the world; I had gothicised my study; its walls were painted in imitation of oak; my books were arranged with the most unauthorlike neatness; my prints hung; my *casts* and models bracketed; and all have vanished like the "baseless fabric of a vision." In vain did Cicero strain his neck to peer over Burke *On the Sublime and Beautiful;* Shakspeare beard Blair's *Sermons* and *Humphrey Clinker*, or Milton's sightless balls gleam over Walter Scott's *Epics*—all, all is chaos and misrule! Even my greenhouse overhead, which held three *ci-devant* pots of mignonette, one decayed myrtle, a *soi-disant* geranium, and other exotics, which are to spring out afresh in the summer; my shrubs are clapped under the couch on which nightly I repose my limbs, and my evergreens, stuck over the kitchen fire-place, are doomed to this unpropitious hot-bed, in order to make room for pattens, clogs, cloaks, and shawls for all the old maids in the town. Our drawing-room, which conveniently holds ten persons, is to be the Black Hole for thirty. My study, dear, beloved retreat, in which sonnets have been composed and novels written—this spot, which just holds me and my cat, is to be the scene of bagatelle, commerce, or any thing else that a parcel of giggling girls may chuse to act in it. This room, where quiet always reigned uninterrupted, save by the purring of *Mitis*, or an occasional poetical sigh from her master, will now be scared by "Tarry awhile with me, my love," or an ill-fingered sonata. But my *statues*, those forms over which my exalted senses have so often pored with holy rapture, are deemed indecent, and walked off. The Venus of Michael Angelo has already lost a thumb; and Antinous, having kicked Meleager on that spot which in us is last to quit the room, has sorely wounded himself *also*, but not *likewise*, as well as made a dint in the aforesaid member of his rival—such was the effect of rage at lea-

ving this classic spot. My Discobulus is made to hold a spermaceti candle; while the Medicean nymph, my Apollo Belvidere, and my dancing Faun, being too large to move, are adorned with aprons of green silk, because, forsooth, Betty says they are vastly *undecent* with *nothing* on them. So stood not those statues that adorned the world!

All this, sir, I could bear, but this will not satisfy the tyrant who rules over me with iron sway. I could else console myself, that statues may resume their places, that quiet must come again, and that green aprons and abused antiques may still return to their pristine purposes; but, sir, it seems that I—I must be reformed altogether. "No one will visit us if we do not do as other people." Alas! until the success of my last poem, we never cared about other people. Oh, happy days! when I could walk as I liked, and dine when I liked, and see whom I liked, ye are fled for ever! But now, since we have got into a house, now a few people have left their cards and we have left ours, it seems we must visit; and I, it seems, am to be dressed out for the occasion as black as a player to speak a prologue. Now if this dress was to be a picturesque one, I should have no objection: let me doff my neckcloth, my breeches and gaiters, and I'm her man. Let a collar and tassels encompass my neck in the style of my beloved Milton; let my sleeves be slashed, my cloak, of some picturesque colour, float over my shoulder, and if you case my leg in tawney boot and gilded spur, put a lyre in my hand, and let my hair blow wildly in the breeze, you may "fool me to the top of my bent;" then, my little woman, I'd dance at your carnival. Instead of which, mark how this body is to be penned in buckram suits: two enormous pieces of white Holland, stiff as starch can make them, are to come up from my neck, and close my cheeks on each side close as a lemon-squeezer; if they do not cut my ears from the bottom upwards, it will be a mercy, and if they afford me no more room than when I tried them on yesterday, I shall be as tightly pilloried as if I had libelled a prime minister. Farewell to the angles of vision! I am doomed to look straight forward only all my life. My neckcloth, which was ever wont to repose on my chest with the most negligent felicity, convenient either to put my chin into in cold weather, or to pull it out in warm, is now entirely useless, and it is to be tied so tight, that if I escape strangulation, I shall look all the evening as red in the face as the well-known portraiture of Mother Red-Cap. My coat I strongly suspect was made for some youngster of fifteen, as from the closeness of the hinder buttons, the sharp angle of the skirts, and other scantinesses, it much exposes a part which I shall not shock you by mentioning. My shirt-sleeves too are so made that their wristbands hide my knuckles, giving them the appearance of a cover for chapped hands, or as if I were ashamed of my fingers. Oh, immortal author of *Flim-flams!* thy frogs in wax taffety breeches were in clover in comparison with the liberty I am to enjoy. Rowlandson, inimitable child of Humour! what would I not give to be depicted by you as *I am,*

and *as I am to be:* but, to-day I could laugh heartily at thy humour; to-morrow, manacled in all the harrows of a drawing-room costume, I may laugh no longer. Buttons, keep tight to your posts! Strings, fail me not! Risibility, visit not your poet, lest he fly off in a crack, to the astonishment of four by honours and three by cards! Thus, Mr. Editor, you see to what I am reduced. I am not a cross or a selfish man. I would oblige my wife in all reason. I will, if she pleases, write sonnets upon every body in the parish, compose an epic as long as the *Iliad;* but as for becoming one of the *beau monde*, may my new coat burst its buttons, as I strongly suspect it will if placed upon my back, if I can become a *beau garçon!* and this, sir, inform her, is the unalterable sentiment of yours to command at any thing but a rout,

BYRON OLDSKIRTS.

P.S. When I see this in print, I may possibly be induced to send you the result of our rout.

THE MAGIC VOLUME, OR ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA.

THE principal ornament of the court of Utopia was a young nobleman whom we shall call Fortunio; who was blest with so many accomplishments both of mind and person, that he was universally known by the appellation of "the Favourite of the Fair." Among the court *belles* was one whose charms rendered her as much the object of male, as Fortunio was of female admiration. Felicia, for that was her name, saw herself surrounded by adorers; every heart acknowledged the influence of her charms, except Fortunio's, and precisely for that very reason his was the only one of which she coveted the possession. As she was a coquette of the first order, she practised a variety of artifices, of which the fair and innocent daughters of Britain are happily ignorant, and in a little time she brought Fortunio to her feet.

Felicia was too good an actress not to deceive herself into a belief, that she felt something of the passion which she represented so naturally; but scarcely was Fortunio safe in her chains, when the youthful and equally accomplished Bellair appeared for the first time in the great world. Bellair was infinitely better calculated to make a figure at court, at least at the court of Utopia, than Fortunio: he knew perfectly well how to portion out his civilities to every rank; could pass over merit with a supercilious sneer, if its possessor happened to be one of those who had nothing else to recommend him; and bow with an air of the highest consideration to a rogue or a fool, if he was possessed of wealth or title. Fortunio, on the contrary, had some plebeian notions, which exposed him sometimes to the ridicule of very well-bred people: he estimated talents, especially if they were accompanied by merit, much more highly than either birth or fortune; and he always treated a rich rogue with as much contempt as he would a poor one: these obsolete ideas would have totally ruined him with the polite part of the world, if their effect had not been counteracted by the elegance of his person and manners, and the brilliancy of his wit,

After saying that Felicia was a coquette, we need hardly add that Bellair found little difficulty in supplanting Fortunio; who proved on this occasion the truth of the saying, that sensible men are often the greatest fools in love affairs; for he regarded his mistress's inconstancy as the greatest misfortune which could have befallen him.

One evening while he was ruminating with much bitterness upon this subject, he suddenly conceived the dreadful resolution of destroying himself. "Happiness," cried he aloud, "has departed from me for ever; nor can I witness the felicity enjoyed by others without envy: let me then put an end to an existence useless to others and insupportable to myself!" As he spoke he seized his sword, but at the moment when he pointed it against his breast, his arm became suddenly powerless, and a blaze of light filled the apartment. Fortunio, struck with a feeling of awe and astonishment, prostrated himself upon the ground. "Rise, weak and guilty mortal!" said a sweet voice, "nor thus debase the dignity of thy nature by unmanly regrets for the loss of a being whom reason should have taught thee to despise."

The abashed Fortunio obeyed the command which he received, and beheld a youth of exquisite beauty; his robe of snowy whiteness displayed all the fine proportions of a figure which Fortunio conceived, by his wings of various and resplendent hues, to be that of a celestial being: nor was he mistaken; he beheld the Genius Umri, who was the most friendly to mankind of all his race.

"How is it, mistaken and perverse Fortunio," cried he in a tone of severity, "that you expect to be exempted from the common lot of humanity? Look around you, and shew me even one instance of a mortal whose happiness is without alloy!"

"I am aware, celestial messenger," replied Fortunio, "that perfect happiness is not the lot of mankind; but among those by whom I am surrounded, there are several who enjoy apparent felicity. Celadon is happy with the wife of his choice. Pharamond, despising love, has given up his thoughts to ambition, whose most favoured votary he is acknowledged. The darling passion of Marcus' soul is arms, and at an age when others have scarcely distinguished themselves, he is already at the head of his profession. When a youth of dissipation had ruined the fortune and nearly blasted the reputation of Civilis, he had firmness enough to devote himself to the severe study of the law, and now in his advanced age he has reached its highest dignities. Arcas, retiring from the busy scenes of life, places his happiness in the discharge of his domestic duties: as a father, as a friend, as a landlord, every tongue is lavish in the praise of Arcas; can he then be otherwise than happy?"

The Genius regarded Fortunio with a smile of pity. "There is not one of those whom thou hast mentioned that would not gladly change situation with thyself. But it is ever so with mortals; the evil under which each groans, always appears to him the least supportable. —Take," continued he, presenting Fortunio with a small book, "this

magic volume; you see it is at present a blank, but it possesses the singular property of giving a faithful relation of the life of each person with whom you converse, if you look into it immediately upon quitting him or her. Make then, Fortunio, a proper use of an indulgence never before granted to a mortal, and expiate by the virtues of your future life the crime which you had so nearly committed."

The Genius vanished, and Fortunio hastened to try the virtues of his magic volume. He instantly paid a visit to Celadon, whom he found with his wife the beautiful Sophronia; they received him with smiles, and their behaviour to each other indicated so much happiness and affection, that Fortunio felt the most extreme impatience to learn from his magic volume what cause could possibly disturb such apparent felicity. He examined it immediately on quitting them, and found in it the following

HISTORY OF CELADON.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF A COFFEE-SIMMERER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE use of *coffee* becoming every day more extensive in this country, I presume that any suggestion, for the improvement of that pleasing and salubrious beverage, cannot be unacceptable to the public. Under that persuasion, I beg leave to communicate a method of coffee-making, which I have long practised, and which I find to answer my purpose better than any other; though I have tried several, and bestowed on the subject a share of attention, which your readers will hardly deem censurable, when apprised that coffee has, for the last three years, been my *only* beverage, except morning and evening tea.

My process, sir, is that of *simmering* over the small but steady flame of a lamp—a process at once simple, easy, and (without watching or attendance) uniformly productive of an extract so grateful to the palate and stomach, as to leave me neither the want nor the desire of of any stronger liquor.

But, to accomplish this, a vessel of peculiar construction is requisite. Mine is a straight-sided pot, as wide at top as at bottom, and inclosed in a case of similar shape, to which it is soldered air-tight at the top. The case is above an inch wider than the pot, descends somewhat less than an inch below it, and is entirely open at the bottom; thus admitting and confining a body of hot air all round and underneath the pot. The lid is double; and the vessel is, of course, furnished with a convenient handle and spout.

In this *simmerer* the extract may be made either with hot water or with cold. If intended for speedy use, hot water will be proper, but *not* actually *boiling;* and the powdered coffee being added, nothing remains but to close the lid tight, to stop the spout with a cork, and place the vessel over the lamp;

where it may remain unattended and unnoticed, until the coffee is wanted for immediate use. It may then be strained through a bag of stout, close linen, which will transmit the liquid so perfectly clear, as not to contain the smallest particle of the powder.

The strainer is tied round the mouth of an open cylinder, or tube, which is fitted into the mouth of the coffee-pot that is to receive the fluid, as a steamer is fitted into the mouth of a saucepan; and, if the coffee-pot have a cock near the bottom, the liquid may be drawn out as fast and as hot as it flows from the strainer.

If the coffee be not intended for speedy use, as is the case with me, who have my simmerer placed over my night-lamp at bed-time, to produce the beverage which is to serve me the next day at dinner and supper; in such case, cold water may be used, with equal, or perhaps superior advantage; though I have never found any perceptible difference in the result, whether the water employed was hot or cold. In either case, it soon begins to simmer, and continues simmering all night, without ever boiling over, and without any sensible diminution of quantity by evaporation.

With respect to the *lamp*—although a fountain-lamp is undoubtedly preferable, any of the common small lamps, which are seen in every tin-shop, will answer the purpose, provided that it contain a sufficiency of oil to continue burning bright during the requisite length of time. The tube, or burner, of *my* lamp, is little more than one eighth of an inch in diameter; and this, at the distance of one inch and three quaters below the bottom of the pot—with the wick little more than one eighth of an inch high, and with *pure spermaceti* oil—has invariably performed as above described, without requiring any trimming, or other attention, and without producing any smoke: whereas, if the wick were too high, or the oil not good, the certain consequences would be, smoke, soot, and extinction.

One material advantage attending this mode of coffee-making, is, that a smaller quantity of the powdered berry is requisite to give the desired strength to the liquor. The common methods require that the powder be coarse; in which state, it does not give out its virtue so completely as if it were ground finer: whereas, in this process, it may be used as fine as it can conveniently be rendered; and the finer it is, the smaller will be the quantity required, or the richer the extract; as I have agreeably experienced, since I have been enabled, by the new invention of Messrs. Deakin and Duncan of Ludgate-Hill, to have my coffee at once reduced to the proper degree of fineness by a single operation, without the tedious labour of a second grinding, with the mill tightened. I am, with due respect, sir, your obedient humble servant,

JOHN CAREY.

WEST-SQUARE, LAMBETH,
April 2.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

THE ADVISER.

Mr. Editor,

I dare say your experience of mankind has been sufficient to convince you, that we have each, to use a familiar expression, our *hobby-horse.* Mine, sir, has been a desire to benefit my friends, and indeed mankind in general. But my wish to do good to others has occasioned the greatest inconveniencies to myself; for in the fervour of philanthropy, I devoted my time and thoughts so wholly to other people's affairs, that I really forgot to think of my own; and the consequence is, that my pecuniary concerns are greatly deranged. But that is a trifle in my estimation, Mr. Editor, compared with the mortification which I experience from the ingratitude of all my acquaintance.

But to return to my hobby—you must know, sir, that for several years I have been distinguished as the *Adviser* of all my friends; and finding it impossible to give advice to the purpose without knowing all the circumstances of the case, I was so particular in my inquiries respecting any affairs that came to my knowledge, that by degrees I have acquired the character of a troublesome, impertinent fellow. When a prejudice is once raised against a man, it is astonishing how soon his character is blackened; and a hundred false reports which were spread respecting me, were readily believed.

Captain O'Bumper had through my means run away with Miss Squeezem, the daughter of an eminent pawnbroker. She was an only child, and you must allow, Mr. Editor, that as it was well known her father doated upon her, I might fairly presume that he would not be inexorable. Old Squeezem was worth a plum and a half, and my friend the captain's fortune and expectations consisted of his commission and his chance of being one day a baronet, as there were only two uncles and eleven cousins between him and the title and estate of Glassmahanogue.

Under these circumstances, sir, the match appeared to me perfectly eligible; but it unfortunately happened, that the pawnbroker renounced his daughter, and to destroy all her hopes of inheriting his property, married his cookmaid, and settled every shilling of it upon her. O'Bumper was so enraged on the occasion, that, without considering I was wholly blameless, he had the impudence to propose for his toast at a dinner where I was present—"Confusion to all advisers!" which he drank in a pint bumper of claret.

My friend Lovepeace had lived a bachelor for fifty-five years, because he dreaded the prattle of a wife and the squalling of children; but meeting at a watering-place with Miss Meekly, he was captivated with her mild manners, and particularly struck with her uncommon taciturnity. After debating the matter with himself for a whole week, without being able to decide whether he should commence Benedict or not, he posted to town to consult me. As there is no trusting to a lover's description of his mistress, I took the trouble to return with him, on purpose to see her; and so com-

pletely did she act the character she had assumed, that I advised him to marry her immediately. He did so, and in about six weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, reproaching me for what he called my cursed advice, by following which, he said, he embittered all his future life; and civilly desired me never to enter his house again.

Astonished at this unhandsome treatment, I inquired among our common friends how the new-married pair went on; and I found that Mrs. Lovepeace had turned out a complete shrew. I wrote to him immediately, assuring him that his situation though bad was not hopeless, provided he would follow my advice; for I had a plan to propose, which I was certain, if steadily persevered in, would effectually break his wife's spirits. Unfortunately my letter fell into the hands of Mrs. Lovepeace, who drove instantly in a hackney-coach to my lodgings in Piccadilly—by the bye, I was just comfortably settled—and flying into the drawing-room where I was seated reading, burst into a torrent of half-intelligible reproaches, which ended in an hysteric fit.

You will readily conceive, Mr. Editor, the unpleasantness of my situation, when I tell you, that my landlady was one of the most irascible of the whole tribe of old maids, and that she actually believed Mrs. Lovepeace was some poor girl whom I had ruined and forsaken. All my endeavours to enter into an explanation were unavailing; the good woman, in the purity of her heart, anathematized me for a vile seducer, whom it might endanger her reputation to have any communication with, and I was forced to provide myself with other apartments the next day.

My friend Sir Christopher Cameleon never did any thing during the space of twenty years without consulting me; and though he frequently changed his mind ten times in a day, yet as I was generally the last person whom he spoke to, he usually followed my advice. Death deprived me of this valuable friend, who bequeathed to me the guardianship of his son and daughter. The former was of an amiable disposition, and inherited his father's yielding and docile spirit; but he was fond of dissipation, and I became afraid that both his health and morals would suffer by the pursuit of pleasure. To prevent it, I earnestly advised him to devote himself to the study of mathematics. The poor youth, who regarded my advice as oracular, followed it, alas! too implicitly; for his faculties were not strong enough to bear his incessant application to this abstruse science, and in about a year he became an idiot.

You will readily believe that I deeply regretted the advice which had occasioned this dreadful misfortune; in fact I was so much affected by it, that I resolved never to give advice again. My ruling passion, however, though it lay for some time dormant, was not extinguished, and an affair soon occurred which called it again into action.

My ward, Miss Cameleon, was addressed by two gentlemen of very opposite characters. The one, Sir Samuel Specious, was a man of very moderate fortune, but apparently of a good disposition, entirely free from debt, and to all appearance

calculated, in the newspaper phrase, to render the marriage state completely happy. The other gentleman possessed a large fortune; he was of an open, generous disposition, and passionately attached to my ward; but he had been guilty of some youthful indiscretions, which alarmed my watchful prudence: I therefore gave my voice for Sir Samuel, and poor Clara bestowed her hand upon him; but I had taken the precaution to reserve a considerable part of her fortune in her own power. Could human prudence have done any thing more, Mr. Editor? Surely I have no reason to reproach myself because Sir Samuel turned out an unprincipled libertine? He soon wheedled his wife out of her settlement, and while he denies her every thing but the bare necessaries of life, he squanders her fortune on courtezans of the lowest description. What adds to the mortification of the unhappy Lady Specious is, that the lover whom she refused in pursuance of my advice, is since married to an amiable woman, and makes a most exemplary husband.

Well, Mr. Editor, you probably suppose that all these misfortunes have completely sickened me of giving advice. *Tout au contraire*, I find my fondness for it increase daily, and as I could point out to you several instances in which my advice has done good, I think you will agree with me, that, notwithstanding the unfortunate consequences of it which I have related to you, I am justified in continuing to bestow it upon all who will take it. But as I before observed to you, the scandalous reports propagated respecting me, render it necessary for me to remain *incognito*. Now, Mr. Editor, you have a fair opportunity to oblige me, and to serve mankind, and I have no doubt that your philanthropy will induce you readily to embrace it. Permit me thus, sir, through the channel of your elegant and moral publication, to proclaim myself the *Adviser General* of Europe. I offer my services gratis to all who may stand in need of sage counsel—prime ministers only and always excepted. *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, they are an obstinate set; I speak from experience, for I have thrown away much good advice in letters to which they never had the politeness to pay the least attention, not only to our own heads of administration, but also to those of the other sovereigns of Europe: therefore I am resolved to waste no more time with them.

I mention my determination on this point explicitly, in order that ministers may see the inutility of troubling me on national business: but as to their own private concerns, that is another thing, I shall always be ready to afford them cheerfully the benefit of my counsel on their domestic affairs.

If, Mr. Editor, you are inclined to grant the favour I have requested of you, have the goodness to insert in your next number, as much of the contents of this letter as may be sufficient to acquaint the public in general of my intentions. As the consequences of my advice may be such as to render it necessary for me to preserve my *incognito*, allow me the additional favour of having communications addressed to me, Solomon Sagephiz, *Adviser General* of Europe, at No. 101, Strand. In return for this kindness, Mr. Editor,

I shall be most happy to devote a large portion of my time and thoughts to those affairs upon which you may deem it necessary to consult your very humble servant,

SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

THE following extracts, made from seventy years of old periodical works, may perhaps amuse your readers; they will explain many old customs, and perhaps afford as much entertainment in the perusal as they did in the collecting to

ONE OF THE GRUBS.

1731.

May 7. Miss Halliday, for whose benefit a play was acted last night at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, received from the royal family, over and above the usual present, a large gold medal, weighing about fifty guineas, with the bustos of her Majesty as Electress of Hanover, on each side.

25*th.* Died, Mr. Fawkes, famous for his dexterity of hand, worth 10,000*l.*

July 2. The queen sent to the playhouse in Drury-lane for the MS. of *George Barnwell*, to peruse it, when Mr. Wilkes carried it to Hampton-Court.

August 2. Monday was the election at Eton, when the scholars, according to custom, hunted a ram, by which the provost and fellows hold a manor.

13*th.* The royal family hunted a stag in Richmond New Park: in the midst of the sport Sir Robert Walpole's horse fell with him just before the queen's chaise; but he was soon remounted, and her Majesty ordered him to bleed by way of precaution.

September 3. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had his hair cut, by the order of his physicians.

15*th.* The famous devil that used to overlook Lincoln was taken down, having lost his head in a storm two years ago.

1732.

April 10. The curious representation of our Lord's Supper over the altar of the cathedral of Windsor having been much damaged, by being buried in the earth during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, the dean and prebendaries of Windsor agreed with an eminent painter to clean and repair it.

25*th.* A high court of chivalry was held at the College of Arms, Doctors' Commons, where articles were exhibited against the executors of Mr. Ladbroke, &c. for putting up achievements that did not belong to the parties.

July 25. The Society of Apothecaries resolved to erect a magnificent green and hot-house in the physic-garden at Chelsea, on the plan of Mr. Oakley, architect, who was chosen surveyor of the works.

27*th.* At a court of common council, a committee, which had been appointed to consider what might be a proper satisfaction to the lord mayor and sheriffs in lieu of the perquisites arising from the sale of the place of keeper of Newgate, and how the place should be disposed of for the future, made their report, containing in sub-

stance:—1st. That the place ought not to be sold; 2d. That the sheriff for the time being ought to have the appointment of a keeper for the time of shrievalty; 3d. That the sum of 1000*l.* should be given to the present lord mayor and sheriffs; 4th. That a committee of aldermen and twelve common councilmen be annually chosen, to inspect the keeper's behaviour and the state of the gaol, and to make their report to the common council, who shall dismiss the keeper at pleasure.

August 18. The gridiron was put on the top of St. Laurence' steeple: it is made of copper, 1 cwt.

September 15. The new stables in the Mews nearly finished.

19*th*. The court of aldermen ordered forty freedoms to the lord mayor in lieu of the sale of the keeper of Newgate.

October 2. The new theatre in Goodman's-fields was opened with the play of *King Henry* IV. In a large oval over the pit is painted the figure of his Majesty, attended by Peace, Liberty, Justice trampling Tyranny and Oppression under his feet. Round it are the heads of Shakspeare, Dryden, Congreve, and Betterton. On the coving on the left hand is painted the scene of Cato pointing to the dead body of his son Marcus; in the middle, that of Julius Cæsar stabbed in the senate-house; and on the right, that of Marc Antony and Octavia, where her children are introduced in *All for Love*. On the sounding-board over the stage is a handsome piece of painting of Apollo and the nine Muses. The whole is looked upon as a neat and elegant piece of workmanship.

3*d*. The lord mayor and court of aldermen resolved, that for the future no acquitted prisoners should pay fees.

1733.

April 27. A prologue spoken at the theatre royal Covent-Garden, April 21, by Mr. Paget, on occasion of his attempting King Lear: a young gentleman, his relative, then also appearing for the first time on the stage in the character of Cordelia.

November 20. Mr. Harper, one of the comedians in the Haymarket company, who had been committed to Bridewell by Sir Thomas Clarges as a stroller, was discharged upon his own recognizance.

1734.

February 2, being Candlemas-day, there was a grand entertainment at the Temple-Hall for the judges, serjeants, &c. The Prince of Wales was there *incog.* and several persons of quality. Mr. Baker was master of the ceremonies, and received all the company. At night there was a comedy acted by the company of his Majesty's revels from the theatre in the Haymarket, called *Love for Love*, and the societies of the Temple presented the comedians with 50*l.* The ancient ceremony of the judges, &c. *dancing round our coal-fire*, and singing an old French song, was performed with great decency.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XVII.

He is by no means to be accounted useless or idle who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others, who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Dr. Johnson.

A lady of my acquaintance, who never suffers her time to be unemployed, and whose object is, at the same time, to render it useful to others as well as profitable to herself, has made it a practice to collect extracts from such books as she reads for her own entertainment or instruction, and, as it may prove, for the entertainment and instruction of others. One of these manuscripts she has been so kind as to lend to me; and my readers, I should hope, will not be dissatisfied with this paper, which contains a few pages taken from such an interesting work. It is divided into sections, under specific heads, and I shall proceed to give them in the order in which they appear before me.

BEAUTY.

Aristotle being asked, why every person was so fond of beauty—the philosopher replied, "It was the question of a blind man."

It is generally considered, that beauty consists in the union of colour with a just proportion of parts. Some are of opinion, that a beautiful person must be fair, while others give their preference to the brunette. The difference of opinions with respect to beauty in various countries is principally as to form and colour, and this difference will be generally found to originate in national customs.

Among the Chinese, a handsome man must be large and fat, have a high forehead, small inexpressive eyes, a short nose, large ears, a mouth of moderate size, and a beard the hairs of which must be black. The most essential point of the women's beauty in the same country consists in the smallness of their feet: as soon as a female child is born, she is resigned to the care of a nurse, by whom every precaution is taken, in the use of certain ligatures, to prevent their growth. It has, indeed, been supposed, that jealousy was the original cause of this custom; but the universal prevalence of it among all ranks of the Chinese people, of whose character that passion does not appear to be a predominant feature, must be thought to counteract such an opinion.

The natives of the Ladrone Islands consider black teeth and white hair as the essentials of beauty.

Among the Arabs of the desert, the women blacken the edge of their eyelids with a dark powder, and draw a line round the eye with it, to make that feature appear large. It has, indeed, been generally remarked, that large black eyes are considered as a distinguished perfection among the Eastern women.

In Greenland the women paint their faces blue and yellow. These colours, we all know, have been considered with respect as the distinction of a political party; but blue and buff never extended, among us, beyond the fancy of the

dress-maker, or the shop-board of the tailor.

In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was a strong recommendation to the attainment of imperial power; while in some countries the mother breaks the nose of the new-born child, and in others the head is pressed between two pieces of wood to force it into a square form.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and in some parts of the Indies they are known to paint them red.

The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, admire locks of that colour. The Indian beauty does not think herself attractive unless she is smeared with the fat of the bear; and the Hottentot expects to receive from the hands of her lover, as a proof of his amorous idolatry, the reeking entrails of some animal newly slain, which she considers as an enviable decoration.

In China small eyes are preferred, and the young women are continually employed in plucking their eyebrows, that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows: it is too visible by day, but appears shining by night. They tinge the nails also with rose-colour. Thus roseate fingers form one of the most prominent descriptions of beauty in Oriental poetry.

An ornament for the nose appears to Europeans to be altogether unnecessary, if not disgusting; while the ladies of Peru hang a ring from that feature of the face, whose weight and thickness is proportioned to the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it as our women do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials, such as jewels of various kinds, and gold in divers forms.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to an unaccountable degree of extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird, which is composed of copper or gold, according to the quality of the wearer. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose, while the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may more freely play, and be agitated by the slightest motion.

How must the European, and particularly the English beauty, rise in the eye of nature and reason, when compared with such descriptions! though it would be curious to see how they would be described by a visitor of London from one of the countries which have been just mentioned.

MUSIC.

Mr. Gibbon, in the last volume of his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, observes as follows:—Experience has proved, that the mechanical operations of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. Of this remark of the celebrated historian, the following anecdotes are remarkable illustrations.

Mr. Pye, the late poet-laureate, mentions, in his Commentary on Aristotle, that the *Rans de Vaches*, mentioned by Rousseau in his Dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in its composition, has such a powerful influence on the Swiss, and excites in them so strong a desire to return to their own country, that under the old *régime* it was forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments, then in the service of France, on pain of death.

Beyond all memory or tradition, the favourite instrument of the Scotch musicians has been the bagpipe, introduced into Scotland at a very early period by the Norwegians. The large bagpipe is the instrument of the Highlanders for war, for marriage, for funeral processions, and other great occasions. They have also a small kind, on which their dancing tunes are played. A certain species of this wild music, called *pibrachs*, is said to raise and elevate the spirits of the native Highlanders so as to produce effects almost as marvellous as those recorded of ancient music.

In order to prove the wonderful power which music possesses in calming the human passions, Martinelli, in his Letters on Italian Music, offers the two following and very extraordinary examples.

Stradella, the celebrated violin-player of Naples, by a piece of music which he executed at a public concert in that city, made so strong an impression on a young lady's heart, that she consented to elope with him to Rome. Her guardian was so enraged at the degrading step she had taken, that he persuaded one of her lovers, and who had proposed to marry her, to wash away with her ravisher's blood the injury and insult which he had sustained. The lover accordingly followed Stradella, and on his arrival at Rome he was informed, that the musician was to perform on that day in one of the principal churches. He accordingly went there, breathing his vindictive purpose; but heard Stradella's music, and forgot his revenge.

The second example is of Palma, who was also a Neapolitan musician. He was one day surprised in his house by one of his creditors, who demanded his money in the most imperious language, and threatened to throw him into prison. Palma made no answer to his abuse and his threats but by singing an air. The creditor seemed to listen to it; when the musician sung another, which he accompanied with his harpsichord. Thus he continued, till the heart of the obdurate man became so softened, that he not only ceased to demand his debt, but actually accommodated Palma with an additional sum, to relieve him from some immediate and pressing difficulties.

If Stradella, continues Martinelli, by a simple sonata on the violin could tranquillize the furious transports of an irritated rival, who had travelled an hundred leagues to obtain revenge; if Palma, with a coarse voice, gained the heart of an avaricious creditor, and obtained an additional loan, we may well comprehend the meaning which is concealed in the powers that fable attributes to Orpheus.

LITERATURE.

It appears that many have expressed their astonishment at the small number of learned men; when,

in fact, we should be surprised rather that there are so many, if we considered all the concurring circumstances requiste to constitute a man of real learning. To form a learned man, natural talents are the first requisite; next, solid sense, an acute mind, and a faithful memory: to these must be added, a vigorous constitution, an equanimity of temper, an insatiable desire of knowledge, and, which is in a great degree the consequence, an habitual attachment to study. But, after all, these advantages must often meet with unconquerable obstructions, if Fortune does not bestow some portion of her favours. A man born in servitude or poverty, and who wants what are considered as the ordinary comforts of life, is compelled to think of the means to acquire them, in preference to every other thought; he must direct his attention to the objects of common life, instead of forming plans for study, and think of the means by which he may sustain his existence, instead of those by which he may acquire fame. Besides, we are born subject to the will of our parents; they dispose of us according to their particular views or interests, and perhaps, for it often happens so, without even examining our talents and dispositions, and consequently without a due appropriation of them. In all the disposals which parents make of their children, no one is observed to bring them up to the profession of letters; they give them the general education of common life, and that is all.

In addition to the requisites already enumerated, it is necessary to possess courage, in order to resist those incidents in life which interrupt the complacent hours of study. Studious men, from their pacific temper and retired life, are affected more than others by the painful occurrences of society. If learning bestows comfort and acquires dignity, it must be when it is accompanied with independence. They who suppose that it will confer riches, are deceived. Genius seldom enjoys the favours of Fortune; and the profits of authors do not keep pace with their reputation. Melancholy is the catalogue of men of letters who have pined in misery, and sunk under the pressures of indigence.

The amiable Mr. George Dyer, in his Dissertation on the Theory and Practice of Benevolence, has treated this subject with energy and feeling, as appears by the following animated apostrophe, selected from his work:—

"O Genius, art thou to be envied or pitied? Doomed to form the most sanguine expectations, and to meet with the most mortifying disappointments;—to indulge towards others the most generous wishes, and to receive thyself the most illiberal treatment;—to be applauded, admired, and neglected;—to be a friend to all, and too often befriended by none! — O thou creative, discriminating power, source of inexpressible delights, and the nurse of unknown sensibilities that perpetuate distress! Fancy shall embody thy form, and often visit the grave of Chatterton, to drop the tear of sympathy over that ingenious, unfriended, and unfortunate youth!"

F—— T——.

ENIGMATICAL LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following curious epistle having accidentally come into my hands, I am anxious to discover its meaning; and if among your numerous correspondents any one can furnish a key to the mystery, I shall feel obliged.

I am given to understand, that "Expensive Wig" means "Dear Bob;" and "Billy for ever," in all probability, means "will always."

I am, sir, yours,

T. J.

BRIDGE-STREET, April 5, 1817.

Expensive Wig,

A gentleman with a fly in his eye before a mug of Kamschatka or Billy for ever sir your papa's sister an ill-bred dog replying set as the devil you to a capital bird with sixty minutes and a landlord a pitcher full of little ones in a napkin. My lord alter your fire-place never hit verdant calf is at my yard and quarter fine gentleman bagnio has sinistered the genitive case his son of a plumb-cake—no girl cutting parsley in the kitchen between April and June before the great wife on a model of Paris and a sun-burnt Israelite a buck of mine tumbled down plenty belaus. I must beg you neither to make ready nor fire—my respects to your white fiddle tenor, bass, &c. &c.—I have how like Guy's cow—new morn—no rain and starlight.

P. S. The great stake of wood cannot ounce.—The first in a frying-pan you will a damn'd falsehood hear from, sir,

Put 4 to what past.

N. B. I conceive "the great stake of wood" means "the post"—"cannot ounce" may also mean "cannot wait" (weight).

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

(Continued from p. 225.)

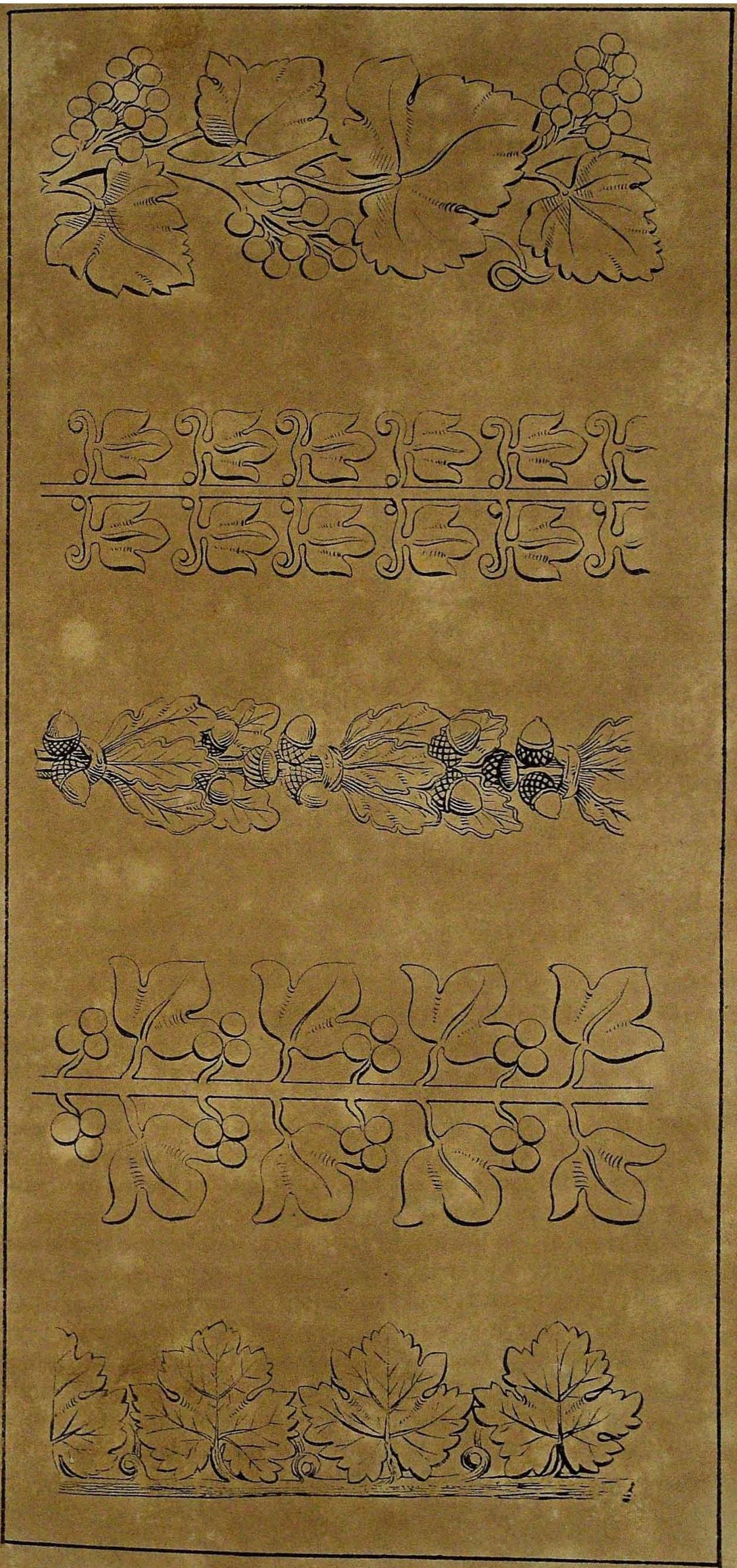
WITH A SPECIMEN.

LITHOGRAPHY, or the art of printing with stone, is indisputably one of the most useful modern inventions, and may for two reasons be considered as such. In the first place, on account of its own intrinsic and peculiar excellencies; and in the second, by comparison with other modes of obtaining impressions, almost all of which may be imitated by it, while it possesses the advantage of having little to fear from imitation on their parts.

Lithography affords the possibility of the utmost exactness, and is therefore capable of being extremely useful for important writings, especially to statesmen, officers, and merchants, who are enabled by it to obtain as many copies as they please of such documents, with extraordinary dispatch.

By means of this process all kinds of impressions of ancient and modern writings, tables, bills of exchange, bills of lading, receipts,

Specimen of R. Ackermann's Lithography. May 18th.



certificates, price-currents, copies for schools, drawing-books, patterns for needle-work and embroidery, charts, maps, plans, every object embraced by the art of design, original sketches of living artists, as also the closest imitations of old masters, portraits, &c. may be speedily produced.

One principal advantage of lithography is the expedition with which a drawing may be made and copies taken off, while at the same time the stone is not rendered unserviceable for any other purpose, as is the case with copper and wood; since the surface of the stone requires only to be rubbed a little, to be rendered fit to be used again.

By the assistance of the pencil and prepared tracing-paper, fac-similes of writings or drawings may be obtained, and these may be so combined with other kinds as to produce the most beautiful designs. Lithography is peculiarly adapted to the accurate representation of subjects in natural history, as the naturalist needs only to make his drawing upon prepared paper, which may afterwards be transferred to stone.

For coloured drawings lithography is preferable to any other process, as the impressions are perfectly smooth, and not imprinted in the paper, as is the case with those taken from wood and copper, the design being sunk in with the former, and raised or in relief with the latter.

For the purpose of multiplying copies of letters, the lithographic process is far preferable to copying-machines.

The imitation of wood-engraving possesses great advantages over the best performances on wood, in regard to superior purity and dimensions, inferiority of price, and more expeditious production. Indeed lithography alone is capable of producing, and that with very little trouble, imitations of the old masters, whose *chef d'œuvres* cause modern artists to wonder how it was possible for their predecessors to accomplish what they did in the practical department of their art; viz. that of crossing their lines.

The method of obtaining impressions from drawings or writings merely made upon the stone, is extremely simple and advantageous. It admits of drawings being executed with the pencil, the pen, or chalk. As the artist does not cut into the stone, the fac-simile possesses all the ease, freedom, and softness of a drawing; and it may with truth be asserted, that by lithography alone the bold spirited strokes of the pen, and the softness of the chalk, in which respect of course this method far surpasses engraving upon copper, can be preserved. Were we less solicitous about such clear impressions as copper-plates are capable of furnishing, or rather, had we an eye not so much to the beauty as to the number of the impressions, in this case also the lithographic process would have a preference to the other. As every stroke upon the stone, no matter how thin or broad, yields an impression when the surface only is taken off, it is easy to calculate how expeditious this mode of printing must be; and even when designs are made upon the stone with the graver, the operation is performed as speedily as upon copper. Stone is also capa-

ble of furnishing the most beautiful designs after the manner of copper-plates; but as they are not so clear as the latter, and require more labour, this method is not upon the whole very advantageous: but yet, it has been found as well if not better adapted to the engraving of music, as copper or pewter. Writing may also be very well engraved upon stone, as may in general every thing that can be executed on copper.

The printing is performed just as rapidly as with copper-plates.

(To be continued.)

Plate 28.—VAUXHALL BRIDGE.

The annexed plate is a view of the bridge taken from Milbank, a little above the Penitentiary-House, represented in Plate 15, *p.* 152 of the present volume. Between the abutments the bridge is 806 feet in length, and in clear breadth of road-way, 36 feet wide; it is formed by two extensive abutments, and of eight stone piers, each 13 feet wide. The arches are nine in number, 78 feet span each, the centre arch being 39 feet high above the low-water, and 27 above high-water mark, and all are executed in cast iron. The whole was erected under the superintendence and direction of Mr. James Walker, the engineer, and was completed in 1816. For a further description of the bridge, and for some critical remarks on its merits, our readers are referred to No. X. of the Architectural Review, *p.* 252 of the second volume of the New Series of the *Repository*.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Vocal Works composed by G. F. Handel, arranged for the Organ or Piano-Forte by Dr. John Clarke. Second Series. Nos. 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, *and* 78. Pr. 6s. 6d. (to subscribers 5s.) each.

The last of the above-mentioned numbers terminates the second series, and concludes the whole of the superb, and in all respects excellent, edition of Handel's Vocal Works. To Messrs. Button and Whitaker, the publishers, the musical world of the present and future ages must feel deeply indebted for the resolution to attempt the production of this classic and invaluable collection, and for the perseverance, liberality, and typographical splendour with which this determination has been carried into execution; and our thanks are equally due to Dr. Clarke for the indefatigable and unabated industry with which he has exerted his great skill as a harmonist in this comprehensive and laborious undertaking. He and the publishers have thus raised a monument to the immortal German bard, which his own country, Great Britain, and Europe at large, will appreciate and venerate as long as harmony shall dwell and be cultivated among them, and which, we trust and believe, will be equally, if not more durable than the labours of the

chisel, by which a grateful age has endeavoured to perpetuate the memory of this great composer.

"Oh! say not Woman's Heart is bought," a favourite Ballad, sung with the most rapturous applause by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, in the operatic Piece called "The Heir of Vironi," composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra, by John Whitaker. Pr. 2s.

This ballad claims a conspicuous rank among the happy efforts of Mr. W.'s lyric Muse. Not only the ideas themselves, but also their harmonic treatment, are select and peculiarly interesting. The passage, "When first her gentle bosom knows," is aptly and neatly conceived; and the succeeding line, "Deep in her heart the passion glows," is melodized with much feeling. Equally appropriate and impressive is the burden, "She loves, she loves for ever." The addition of the whole instrumental score forms rather a novel feature in this publication, which is perfectly deserving of this distinction; but the piano-forte accompaniment alone, set as it is with special care, will be found fully capable of supporting the melody with proper effect.

The favourite Pas de la Glasse in the Ballet of La Partie de Chasse d'Henry IV. arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute or Violin (ad lib.) by F. Fémy. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The frequenters of the King's Theatre cannot have forgotten the fine scene of the above-mentioned ballet, in which Madame Léon dances a charming *pas seul* before a supposed mirror of large dimensions, while every attitude, step, and gesture are *pretendedly reflected* to the eye of the audience, but, in fact, mimicked by a "*double*" performing precisely the same evolutions behind the *gauze*-surface. The tune before us is the accompaniment to this well-contrived deception; and its lively French style, rather of an original cast, is not only admirably suited to this purpose, but also not undeserving of the notice of the musical amateur. Mr. Fémy's adaptation appears to us well conceived, and upon the whole very proper. An adequate proportion of digressive matter and modulation is introduced; and a great part of these, as well as of the subject and neat minor trio, is reproduced in the fifth of the key. Some inconvenient fingering in the bass (e. g. *p.* 3, *line* 3, and *p.* 4, *lines* 1 and 4,) shews that Mr. F.'s knowledge on the piano-forte is not equal to his skill on the violin, which has deservedly established his reputation in this country.

The yellow Leaf, a favourite Song, composed by W. Knyvett, *and sung by him at Messrs. Knyvett's Annual Concerts.* Pr. 2s.

The melody as well as the harmony of this song, is free from those eternal repetitions of commonplace ideas which sicken the ear in the major part of the vocal compositions of the present day. The former is throughout highly impressive and pathetic, and the harmony exhibits a successful aim at selectness of instrumental support, guided by a tasteful and scientific pen. This aim of the author has in some instances, perhaps, been

allowed too free a range, and, once or twice, led to some irregularity in the harmony (*bar* 10, *p*. 1, for instance): but when there is so much to applaud, it would be invidious to dwell on trifling imperfections. The introductory and concluding symphonies are equally elaborate, and present some clever counterpoints.

"*Le Romanesque*," *a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad libitum), composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Smith, of Short Grove, Essex*, by T. Latour. Pr. 4s.

The succession of the several movements in this divertimento is as follows:—An extraordinary andante, an aria, and a walz, with an episodical slow movement *alla Siciliana*. The introduction in A minor is impressively pathetic; and the sweetly melodious strain in C major, *p*. 3, intervenes with effective contrast. In the style and treatment of the ensuing *aria*, Mr. L. has evinced a vein of fine musical feeling, highly creditable to him: it is a charming movement, full of grace and expression, and requires peculiar attention to the little rests, dots, and other niceties of execution (all precisely indicated), to render it such in the performance. The walz is pretty, has in its progress some neatly varied amplification of the theme, and a good minor strain, which merges into C major; after which an agreeable Siciliana is aptly introduced, and followed by the original subject of the walz. A second trio in F ♯ minor follows next, and the composition appropriately concludes with a range of brilliant quick passages, terminating in energetic full chords. All lies kindly under both hands.

Three Walzes for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Hale, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 3s.

These walzes are not calculated, and were probably not intended, for the ball-room; but they will be found worthy of the desk of the amateur. The subjects of each, and of the several strains into which each is subdivided, are conceived in a proper and truly select style: in the melodies, as well as the harmonic treatment, variety and good taste are abundantly displayed; and the harmony, in particular, evinces an ear familiarized with classic authors, and guided by musical science. The theme of the first walz, which presents rather early modulation, is interesting; and its trio, although too similar to the original subject, is not less satisfactory: a fine flow of melodious expression runs through these two pages. The second walz is conspicuous for the originality of its fine subject, the proper execution of which requires some attention: it resembles the style of Haydn's minuets. In the trio, in two flats, the third bar might have admitted of some superior arrangements, to avoid the succession of the chords A, C, F, and B ♭, E ♭, G: its second strain contains some good bars of contrary motion of parts, under very effective harmonic support. The coda is excellent; true musical feeling has dictated it; it deserves the digital effort, which it requires, of grasping tenths. No. 3, probably suggested by the style of the Copenhagen Walz, is also very attractive: the second strain, although not quite original, is, in

the true character of the walz, considered as a dance-tune; and the imitation of the passages of the right hand, by the left in the trio, is well devised and successfully managed.

"*The Village Milkmaid,*" *sung by Mrs. Bland at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written and composed* by the Author of "*The Captive to his Bird.*" Pr. 1s. 6d.

In our last number we stated our opinion of the merits and defects of "The Captive to his Bird," written and composed by the anonymous author of the present song. Our objections to the latter were confined to its harmonic arrangement, which, we are happy to say, is less faulty in "The Village Milkmaid," although, here still, there is room for emendation. Without entering into the same detail as before, we will only quote the 2d bar in the 3d page, the first chord of which exhibits a very grating error of solution. We must also mention, that too many notes are frequently thrown into the chords assigned to the right hand, to render the execution convenient to moderate proficients; the third verse is metrically incorrect, and therefore cannot, without melodical amplification, be sung to the vocal part of the first; and, lastly, although this may be matter of taste, the character of the melody appears *to us* too select for the infantine simplicity of the words. After these observations, we turn with pleasure to the favourable features of the author's labour. The air is conceived in an agreeable, smoothly connected pastoral style; the musical periods are regular and symmetrical, so as to blend into a satisfactory whole. In short, the vocal part, and even the accompaniment, evince a natural taste, which appears to us highly deserving of the fostering aid of scientific cultivation. The epithet "infantine simplicity" we have made use of in respect of the poetry, is by no means invidiously meant; on the contrary, we deem "The Village Milkmaid" well suited to the capacities of juvenile intellect, and equally recommendable in a moral point of view. If this was the author's intention, he ought not, however, to have gone higher than E in the vocal part.

Mozart's celebrated Overture to "*Il Don Giovanni,*" *adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute and Violoncello (ad libitum),* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without accompaniments, 2s.

The great interest excited by the representation of Mozart's opera of Don Juan at the King's Theatre, must render this arrangement of the overture doubly welcome to the musical amateur. We have carefully examined Mr. R.'s compression of the score, and are free to say, that, in our opinion, it is the best of all his adaptations of Mozart's dramatic overtures: the superior care and attention he has bestowed on this, are very obvious throughout; indeed, in two or three instances, a wish to do every possible justice to the author has produced a little intricate fingering, e. g. *bars* 13 and 14 in the slow movement. In the 6th bar of that movement, an important typographical error ought not to remain unnoticed: the G in the bass ought to be sharpened.

The much-admired Medley Overture for the Piano-Forte to the celebrated Pantomime of "Harlequin and the Sylph of the Oak, or the blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," as performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed and selected by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

Conceiving that a strict criticism on an overture to a Christmas pantomime would be a misplaced and useless exercise of our functions, we shall briefly observe, that the piece before us contains a variety of successive movements, serious, tender, and sprightly. In one, the clarionet entertains the audience with a solo; in another the bugle-horn is made to engross the attention of the house; and the whole concludes with a lively and pretty rondo. Of original matter there is naturally but a small proportion, the greater part of the overture consisting of selections. The harmonic arrangement is not always free from objections. Without entering into detail, *bar* 40, *p.* 2, and *bar* 26, *p.* 3, will be sufficient to convince the author himself, we hope, of the justness of this remark.

The Bird-Catcher, a Ballad, sung by Master Barnett (in the Pantomime above-mentioned), *composed* by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The melody of this little ballad, which consists of two strains, one in $\frac{6}{8}$ and the other in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, is rendered attractive by its tasteful simplicity, and by an accompaniment perfectly suitable, especially where the flutes, as we suppose, act in imitation of the "feathered songsters." In the third page we observe two typographical errors: the E in *bar* 9 should have been marked flat, and the B in the 24th bar ought to have a natural before it.

The Wandering Stranger, or Child of Misfortune, a pathetic Ballad, sung by Miss Tunstall at the London Concerts, written by Mr. G. E. Giffard, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The symphony of "The Wandering Stranger" is appropriate, and concludes with a passage of neat contrapuntal contrivance. The ballad itself is natural and emphatic in its melody, and proceeds in a well-connected graceful style. The expression of the words, "Unheeded I roam," is very good, and reminds us of a passage in Haydn's canzonets; and the concluding line, "Then turn thee, fair lady," supported by a more active accompaniment, is also conceived in a pleasing manner. The music throughout remains conspicuously and meritoriously faithful to the import of the text.

"This Lily reminds me of one so unkind," a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Matthews at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, written by Mr. G. E. Giffard, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Nearly the same meritorious features of interest are observable in this ballad as in the one above-mentioned, although, had we to make a choice, we should prefer "The Wandering Stranger," the melody of which accords more with our individual taste. In the present composition, too, a greater degree of plainness and familiarized melodious progress prevails, and the accompaniment is stiffer, inasmuch as it follows the air throughout with a bass chiefly consisting of crotchets, instead of be-

ing occasionally set independent of the voice.

"*May the Man whose proud Bosom,*" *written by G. E. Giffard; the Music composed, and inscribed to Mrs. John Burbidge,* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.

A tasteful melody of mellow fluency, and a full accompaniment of simultaneous or broken chords, confer an interest on this air, which it could not have claimed on the score of originality of ideas, harmonic treatment, or correspondence of the text with the nature of the music. The latter is too gentle for the serious impression which the words convey. The symphony is pretty, but the third bar in the third page contains unsatisfactory harmonic combinations.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ON THE POPULATION OF AMERICA.

(From *Dr.* WILLIAMSON's *Observations on the Climate of America.*)

Concluded from p. 236.

IT has been observed that the American savage, passing over the shepherd state, was turning his attention, in some instances, to the cultivation of the soil. From this circumstance it has been alleged, that he differs greatly from the man of the other continent: but this inference is not correctly deduced, for it is known, that the introduction of new arts and customs is frequently to be ascribed to what is called pure accident. The casual discovery of gunpowder in Europe gave rise to a variety of new customs and to the neglect of old ones. The introduction or discovery of a grain, that was easily cultivated, may have promoted agriculture; or the want of the most useful domestic animals may have caused the employment of a shepherd to be forgotten. The use of cows, sheep, and goats was known to the first family upon the other continent; and that family was also instructed in the art of cultivating the earth. The first emigrants from the original stock were equally instructed in the several arts of tilling the earth, tending cattle, and killing game; but as men always prefer the most easy mode of living, they would support themselves, for many years, by hunting alone; for in new countries, where there is any winter, a family is most easily supported by hunting and fishing. When the game failed, they had recourse, in every case, to the other most easy mode of living, to the care of cattle; for the colonists, who were never separated from the parent state by an ocean, could easily obtain a supply of cattle when they needed them. In the progress of population, when pasture failed for cattle, they had recourse to agriculture. Thus it was that the shepherd state commonly succeeded the chase, and that again was succeeded by agriculture. This succession did not, for it could not, take place in America. The first planters brought with them the usual stock of know-

ledge, but they brought no cattle, They brought the maize*, as I presume, that we call Indian corn, for it is said to grow in Asia. If they wished to raise cattle, they could not obtain the species to which they had been accustomed, but they could raise corn, for they had the seed: hence it was, that in all cases some degree of agriculture immediately followed the habit of living by the chase.

The annals of the American savage, like those of every other nation, have been corroded by the rust of time. When we speak of the epoch in which they arrived, we find ourselves travelling in the regions of conjecture, having few marks, and those very obscure, to direct our course. We discover nothing that may be deemed certain, except that they came, the greater part of them, from Asia, and that the time of their arrival is very distant.

While it was presumed that America was separated from the other continent by an ocean of considerable extent, various opinions were formed respecting the manner in which this continent had been peopled; for the ancestor of an American savage, in his canoe, could not be supposed to have adventured far upon the ocean; but the discoveries of late navigators have removed all difficulties on that head. We learn from Captain Cook and others, that Asia is not far distant from America. They may be seen, at the same time, from a ship in the middle passage*. It has also been discovered, that all the little islands between the northern parts of Asia and America are inhabited by savages, who must have wandered from Asia; and it is not to be supposed, that a similar race of men did not travel to America. In a word, the descent of the North-American Indians, or the greater number of them, from Asiatic Tartars, or their progenitors, is now

* Although maize and tobacco are both commonly supposed to have originated in America, there is much reason to believe that both those plants were carried from Asia by the original emigrants. I suspect that the Esquimaux Indians, when first discovered, had not the use of maize; for their ancestors came from a part of the other continent in which that grain is not cultivated, but it is cultivated in Asia. "The inhabitants," says Labillardiere, "sold us ears of maize, still green, which had been boiled." This was in one of the Molucca islands. Tobacco, as we are told, is cultivated by the natives in the vicinity of Nootka Sound. But tobacco is a tropical plant. The seed must have been imported from Asia. The Chinese, who seldom change their habits, have long been smokers of tobacco. Certain nations in India, beyond the Ganges, are slaves to the use of this nauseous plant. The inhabitants of the island Sagaleen, about the 49th degree of latitude, are also perpetual smokers of tobacco. We are told by La Perouse, that "they have good large-leafed tobacco, and the pipe is never out of their mouths." They are supposed to purchase their tobacco from the Tartars. It has also been observed, that the Tartars on the continent, nearly opposite to that island, are enslaved by the use of tobacco. "Every male of them, young and old, wears a leathern girdle, to which are hung a little pouch for tobacco, and a pipe." It is not to be supposed that all those nations, so distant and lately discovered, imported their tobacco, or its seed, within the last three hundred years, from America.

* The distance is not above thirteen leagues.

so fully established, that I shall not exercise the reader's patience, in shewing how much they resemble one another in their features, their scantiness of beard, or their language: but the Tartar did not transport his horse, and the want of that animal has caused many shades of difference in their habits.

In stating that the aborigines of North America are chiefly descended from the Tartars, or from the same stock with the Tartars, I am supported by common tradition* among those people, as well as by the obvious facility of the passage. But some of the northern Indians, as I suspect, emigrated from Europe. It can hardly be questioned that the Esquimaux Indians are the diminutive sprouts of Norwegian ancestors. It is fully ascertained, that colonies from Norway settled in Iceland and Greenland near one thousand years ago; but the first adventurers who are mentioned in history, found a race of savages who had preceded them.

The same adventurers who discovered Iceland, at the period to which I refer, extended their travels to the Labrador coast, where they found a race of savages, who appeared also, by their language, to have emigrated from Denmark or Norway. When we consider the distance of Iceland, Greenland, and the Labrador coast, from the British isles, or the northern parts of the continent, the difficulty and danger of navigating the northern ocean in high latitudes, and the contemptible vessels now in use among the Esquimaux, it may appear strange that every island, and every spot of land, in those inhospitable regions, should have been discovered and settled at the time to which I have referred. This phenomenon is best accounted for by recollecting, that there must have been a time in which the northern ocean was navigated with less danger than at present; when Iceland, Greenland, and the Labrador coast were much more hospitable, the soil more productive, and the climate more temperate, than they are at present. This allegation may appear somewhat paradoxical, when it is compared with a former observation, that the winter's cold has been gradually decreasing for more than 2000 years, in the greater part of the world. The fact, however, is not to be disputed. The natives of Labrador, from their want of letters, can give us no account of the change that has taken place in that country; but the case is very different in Iceland. The inhabitants of that island have preserved their history for nine or ten centuries, and the change of climate there has been fully established. I do not say that the numerous population of Iceland near one thousand years ago, or the flourishing state of arts and sciences among those people at so distant a period, is to be taken for a proof that the climate was formerly more temperate, and the soil more productive than at present, although they add great probability to this opinion; but we find an argument in the natural history of the island, that seems to be absolutely conclusive. It is not to be disputed, that in former ages Iceland produced timber in

* The Indians in general in this part of America allege, that they came from the north-westward.

abundance*. Large trees are occasionally found there, in the marshes or valleys, that have been covered to a considerable depth in the ground. Segments of those fossil trees have lately been exported from the island, in proof of the fact alleged. But we are equally certain, that in the present age timber does not thrive in the island. Its growth is prevented, or the plants are destroyed, by the intensity of the winter's cold, as in the northern extremities of Asia and America, where nothing but shrubs is to be found. The same pejoration of climate, and a similar degeneracy in the productions of the soil, have certainly taken place on the Labrador coast that have been observed in Iceland.

This remarkable increase of cold in high northern latitudes may be accounted for by reference to a general deluge, the flood of Noah. I am aware that allegations, in natural or civil history, are not to be supported by referring to a book whose authority is disputed; but in the present case I must be permitted to allege the certainty of a general deluge, provided it will account for the several phenomena, and provided those phenomena cannot otherwise be accounted for.

Upon the supposition of a general deluge, it will be admitted that immediately after the flood there could be no ice in any part of the ocean. The waters in the northern regions were exactly of the same temperature as the waters in other parts of the ocean, for they had the same origin. The fountains of the great deep were broken up. The temperature was thirty or forty degrees above the freezing point. In that case, the air in Iceland, or upon the Labrador coast, coming from the temperate surface of the ocean, was temperate and pleasant. Vegetation in the long days of summer was vigorous, and the winter was not sufficiently cold to destroy perennial plants. In the process of time the waters near the pole lost a great part of their heat, and ice was formed in the creeks and bays. Large cakes of ice were occasionally broken off by storms, and detached from the shore. As the temperature of the ocean decreased, some part of the broken ice continued to float through the summer. Every succeeding year added to the size of the floating masses*.

* It is asserted in the ancient Icelandic records, that when Ingulf, the Norwegian, first landed in Iceland, anno 879, he found so thick a growth of birch-trees, that he penetrated them with difficulty. Some modern historians, knowing that no trees of any kind grow at present in that island, have expressed their fears lest the veracity of the ancient annalists should be suspected. If they had known that trunks of trees have lately been found in that island, buried several feet deep in the earth, their fears would have been obviated.

* It is a curious fact, and in perfect coincidence with this theory, that when the first Norwegian colony settled in Greenland, about one thousand years ago, they found no difficulty in approaching the coast, and a regular correspondence was supported with those people for many years. That intercourse was entirely neglected during the dark ages of anarchy and misrule in Europe. Since the revival of learning, within the two last centuries, sundry attempts have been made to discover the remains of that colony, who lived on the eastern part of Green-

They were increased by rain, by snow, and by the spray of the sea. The northern ocean is nearly filled at present by those floating islands of durable ice. The summer winds that reach the coast, instead of being tempered, as formerly, by a watery surface, are now chilled by mountains of ice; and they are become so intensely cold in winter, as to be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

It may possibly be alleged, that in the space of three thousand years, the time that passed between the flood and Ingulf's arrival in Iceland, the atmosphere should have been as cold, and the accumulation of ice as great, in the northern ocean as they are at present. It is readily admitted, that when we consider the present degree of cold which prevails in high latitudes, we conclude that a few years would be sufficient to produce vast bodies of ice. But we are to consider, that, in the case referred to, the water in every part of the ocean was tepid, and the whole face of the earth was of the same temperature with the water: whence it follows, that the atmosphere could not be cold, nor could there be ice or snow in the longest nights of winter. We have no data by which we may compute the number of years or ages that were necessary to abstract so great a body of heat as then existed in the northern lands and ocean; but a long period must have been required; for there is no fact in natural history more certain, than that there was more heat, or less cold, in high northern latitudes, in the eighth or ninth century, than there is at present; nor is it clear that the heat of the air, earth, or water, in those high latitudes, has yet attained its lowest degree*.

By keeping in mind that there has been a time in which the climate was temperate, and the soil, for the same reason, was productive, in high northern latitudes, we are enabled to account for many phenomena which had appeared very enigmatical. We are no longer surprised that any part of our species should have migrated and settled themselves willingly in Lapland and other regions near the arctic circle; in regions from which nature, in the present age, seems to shrink with horror. Those countries, as we conceive, were all of them settled while the climate was temperate and the soil fit for cultivation. As the miseries that are caused by cold weather and a frozen soil increased, the habits and constitutions of the inhabitants suffered a considerable change, and they became attached to the land of their ancestors. They now live, or seem to live, contented, in a country to which criminals are banished as one of the severest punishments.

By attending to the above-stated changes in soil and climate in high northern latitudes, we can easily discover how it should have hap-

land; but no landing can now be effected on that coast, by reason of the vast bodies of ice with which it is pressed. From this it is clear, that within the last seven or eight hundred years there has been a great increase of ice in high northern latitudes.

* Vast bodies of ice from the northern seas are thought to have become more dangerous of late to navigators, near the banks of Newfoundland, than formerly.

pened, that Norway contained a crowded population above one thousand years ago, and sent out colonies.

By attending to that change of climate in high latitudes, we can easily account for incidents that have excited general attention twelve or fifteen hundred years ago. We discover how it happened, that certain countries, which at present are not very desirable nor productive, had formerly been the *officina gentium*, the very nursery of nations; and why, in the process of time, it became necessary for those very people to migrate by thousands in quest of better habitations.

ACCOUNT OF LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

(From *Lord* HOLLAND's *Account of the Lives and Writings of* LOPE *and* GUILLEN DE CASTRO.)

LOPE, according to his biographers, betrayed marks of genius at a very early age, as well as a singular propensity to poetry. They assure us, that at two years old these qualities were perceptible in the brilliancy of his eyes; that ere he attained the age of five he could read Spanish and Latin; and that, before his hand was strong enough to guide the pen, he recited verses of his own composition, which he had the good fortune to barter for prints and toys with his play-fellows. Thus even in his childhood he not only wrote poetry, but turned his poetry to account; an art in which he must be allowed afterwards to have excelled all poets ancient or modern.

He seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press; and scarcely a month, or even a week, without producing some play upon the stage. His Pastores de Belen, a work in prose and verse on the Nativity, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems; and rhymes, hymns, and poems without number on sacred subjects, evinced his zeal in the profession he embraced. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, to which he afterwards is said to have contributed compositions of his own, succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1621. He found Lope in full possession of the stage, and in the exercise of unlimited authority over the authors, comedians, and audience. New honours and benefices were immediately heaped on our poet, and in all probability he wrote occasionally plays for the royal palace. He published about the same time, Los Triumphos de la Fe; Las Fortunas de Diana; three novels in prose (unsuccessful imitations of Cervantes); Circe, an heroic poem, dedicated to the Count Duke of Olivares; and Philomela, a singular but tiresome allegory, in the second book of which he vindicates himself in the person of the nightingale from the accusation of his critics, who are there represented by the thrush.

Such was his reputation that he began to distrust the sincerity of the public, and seems to have suspected that there was more fashion than real opinion in the extravagance of their applause. This engaged him in a dangerous experiment, the publication of a poem without his name. But, whether the num-

ber of his productions had gradually formed the public taste to his own standard of excellence, or that his fertile and irregular genius was singularly adapted to the times, the result of this trial confirmed the former judgment of the public. His Soliloquies to God, though printed under a feigned name, attracted as much notice, and secured as many admirers, as any of his former productions. Emboldened probably by this success, he dedicated his Corona Tragica, a poem on the Queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII., who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every Catholic country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phœnix of their country, this "monster of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country, for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. If his annual income was not more than fifteen hundred ducats, the profit of his plays was enormous, and Cervantes insinuates that he was never inclined to forego any usual payment from the theatre. Montalvan estimates the amount derived from his dramatic works alone at not less than eighty thousand ducats. The presents he received from individuals are computed at ten thousand five hundred more. His application of these sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends and uncomfortable to himself. Though his devotion gradually became more fervent, it did not interrupt his poetical career. In 1630 he published the Laurel de Apolo, a poem of inestimable value to the Spanish *philologists*, as they are called in the jargon of our day, for it contains the names of more than three hundred and thirty Spanish poets and their works. They are introduced as claimants for the Laurel, which Apollo is to bestow; and, as Lope observes of himself that he was more inclined to panegyric than to satire, there are few or any that have not at least a strophe of six or eight lines devoted to their praise. Thus the

multitude of Castilian poets, which at that time was prodigious, and the exuberance of Lope's pen, have lengthened out to a work of ten books, or sylvas, an idea which has often been imitated in other countries, but generally confined within the limits of a song. At the end of the last sylva he makes the poets give specimens of their art, and assures us that many equalled Tasso, *and even approached Ariosto* himself; a proof that this celebrated Spanish author concurred with all true lovers of poetical genius in giving the preference to the latter. After long disputes for the Laurel, the controversy at length ends, as controversies in Spain are apt to do, in the interference of the government. Apollo agrees to refer the question to Philip IV. whose decision, either from reserve in the judge, or from modesty in the reporter, who was himself a party concerned, is not recorded. Facts, however, prove that our poet could be no loser by this change of tribunal.

He continued to publish plays and poems, and to receive every remuneration that adulation and generosity could bestow, till the year 1635, when religious thoughts had rendered him so hypochondriac, that he could hardly be considered as in full possession of his understanding. On the 22d of August, which was Friday, he felt himself more than usually oppressed in spirits and weak with age; but he was so much more anxious about the health of his soul than of his body, that he would not avail himself of the privilege to which his infirmities entitled him, of eating meat; and even resumed the flagellation, to which he had accustomed himself, with more than usual severity. This discipline is supposed to have hastened his death. He fell ill on that night, and, having passed through the necessary ceremonies with excessive devotion, he expired on Monday the 25th of August, 1635.

As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems,

The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which yet unprinted waits the press.

It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet, were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

As the credibility, however, of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess

of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his Eclogue to Claudio, that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story*:—

"His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de Valdibieso was present and was witness of the whole; but, because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueroa, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but, as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject, that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night, and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, 'I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me.' Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom, He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of

* Montalvan's Eulogium.

paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and, though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed." Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together. What Lope himself says upon this subject will be most satisfactorily related in his own words, though the passages are far from poetical. Having given a list in his prologue to the Pelegriño, written in 1604, of three hundred and forty-three plays, in his Arte de hacer Comedias, published five years afterwards, he says—

None than myself more barbarous or more
wrong,
Who hurried by the vulgar taste along,
Dare give my precepts in despite of rule,
Whence France and Italy pronounce me fool.
But what am I to do? who now of plays,
With one complete within these seven days,
Four hundred eighty-three in all have writ,
And all, save six, against the rules of wit.

In the eclogue to Claudio, one of his last works, are the following curious though prosaic passages:—

Should I the titles now relate
Of plays my endless labour bore,
Well might you doubt, the list so great,
Such reams of paper scribbled o'er;
Plots, imitations, scenes, and all the rest,
To verse reduced, in flowers of rhetoric drest.

The number of my fables told
Would seem the greatest of them all;
For, strange, of dramas you behold
Full fifteen hundred mine I call;
And full a hundred times, within a day
Passed from my Muse upon the stage a play.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE lace dress over a blush-coloured satin slip. The dress is disposed round the bottom of the skirt in festoons, which display a little of the slip; each festoon is ornamented with a bouquet of blue-bells, pinks, and rose-buds. The festoons are surmounted by a rollio of intermingled pink and white satin. We refer to our print for the form of the body, which is novel and tasteful. The sleeve is very short and full; it is finished at the bottom by quillings of blond. The hair is dressed in a plain braid across the face, and a few loose ringlets at the sides. The hind hair forms a tuft, which is concealed by the head-dress, a high wreath of fancy flowers. Pearl necklace. White kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 30.—MORNING DRESS.

A round dress composed of cambric muslin; the skirt trimmed with lemon-coloured satin, a broad fold of which is placed byas round the edge of the skirt, over which

MORNING DRESS.

are three narrow bands, also byas. The body is made full, and is ornamented at the throat, in a very novel style, with puffings of muslin. The shape of the bosom is formed in a very becoming manner by a low front, which is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A loose robe, which is open in front, and descends from each shoulder, where it is fastened, to the feet, is worn over this dress: it is trimmed round with rich pointed work, and a double row of satin to correspond with the skirt. Long plain sleeve, finished at the wrist by a single fold of satin. Morning *cornette* of a peculiarly becoming and simple form; it is tied under the chin, and ornamented with bows of lemon-coloured ribbon. White kid shoes and gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have much pleasure in observing, that at no period within our recollection did British *belles* of rank and taste afford such liberal encouragement to trade. Our public promenades are thronged with elegant women all attired in the produce of our own looms; and our manufacturers, stimulated by the encouragement which they receive, and desirous to shew that they can equal their neighbours on the Continent, have produced lately an elegant variety of fancy silks, gauzes, poplins, ribbons, &c. sufficient to satisfy even the versatile tastes of the most zealous worshippers of fashion.

Silk pelisses are still partially adopted for the promenade; they are made either in azure, green, or lilac sarsnet, or striped fancy silk. We noticed one a few days ago in azure fancy silk, which we thought very elegant. The body was tight to the figure, and cut byas in such manner as to add considerably to the ease and grace of the shape. The trimming was an intermixture of white and blue satin disposed in waves, and tastefully finished with blue floss silk ornaments. The half-sleeve, and the trimming of the long sleeve at bottom, corresponded. A small falling collar, composed of folds of blue and white satin, gave a novel and pretty finish to this pelisse.

Spencers and scarfs are, however, higher in estimation, particularly for the carriage costume. The Marlborough spencer, composed of white satin, is very novel and elegant. The lower part of the body is tight to the shape, the top full; the fulness is confined to the bust by three rows of pointed blond, which is edged with narrow lilac ribbon, and so disposed as to form the most novel and pretty pelerine we have seen for a considerable time. The long sleeve is finished at the bottom by a double quilling of blond edged with lilac ribbon. There is a half-sleeve formed of white satin points, which are edged with lilac. They are fastened together in the middle of the arm by a bow of lilac ribbon.

China crape scarfs seem to have superseded all others for the carriage costume. White ones are particularly in favour; the ends are elegantly embroidered in large flowers.

Fancy straw of various descriptions, Leghorn and Dunstable, are all worn for the walking costume. French bonnets are still in high

estimation; the fashionable shape is far from unbecoming: the brim, which is very large, turns up a little in front; the crown is rather high. Gauze, satin ribbon, and flowers, are all in estimation for bonnet trimmings. Feathers are partially worn, but they are not so fashionable as they were a short time ago.

Gipsy hats, composed of white chip, white satin, or satin to correspond with the spencer or dress, are most in estimation for carriage costume. They are ornamented always with flowers; some ladies tie them under the chin with a white silk handkerchief, and they are generally finished with quillings of blond round the edge. These hats promise to be very general, but, we must observe, that they are becoming only to a few; unless a lady's figure is elegant, and her features regular, she cannot look well in a gipsy hat. The magic power of Fashion will, however, cause them to be as readily adopted by the plainest as by the most beautiful of her votaries.

Morning costume continues nearly the same as last month. Muslin is universally worn. Tucks are as much as ever in request: some ladies carry this fancy so far as to have their dresses trimmed with three flounces of clear muslin, each of which is finished at the edge by three narrow tucks.

Coloured sarsnets, profusely trimmed with blond and white satin, are very fashionable for dinner dress, as is also worked and plain muslin trimmed with lace. Frocks continue in high estimation: the Gloucester frock, composed of clear muslin, is the most elegant novelty that we have seen. The body, which is cut very low, is full, and the shape of the front is formed by two bands of letting-in lace set in byas. Long sleeve, finished at the wrist by a frill of narrow lace, above which are three small tucks; over these is a letting-in of lace set in in waves, and edged by a very narrow lace; this is surmounted by three small tucks. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed in the same manner, but as the lace wave which goes round between the tucks is large and showy, and the flounce of lace at bottom of a moderate breadth, the effect is very striking: it is trimmed round the bosom by a quilling of pointed blond.

White British net over white or coloured satin is generally in estimation in full dress; gauze is also in great favour. Trimmings are composed either of embroidery, which is much worn, or else blond intermixed with rollios of satin, or draperies of white net edged with coloured ribbon, and fastened up with silk ornaments. Frocks are in very high estimation for full dress, and white and coloured satin bodies appear likely to revive. We saw one the other day, which was made for the ball-dress of a lady of distinction; it was embroidered in silver, in a running pattern of wild berries, and was worn over a dress of patent net, which was finished round the bottom of the skirt by a similar embroidery on a larger scale. The sleeves of the dress, which were short and very full, were composed of net spotted with silver.

Ornaments for the head in full dress continue the same as last month, but *tocques* seem rather more in favour. We have lately seen

one composed of white net and white satin, disposed round the crown in folds in a very novel and tasteful style. The front was formed of points of white satin, edged with silver gimp. A very full plume of down feathers, placed so as to droop a little to the left side, ornamented it.

We have seen nothing novel lately in jewellery: rings, which for some time past have been little worn, begin to be in request. Ear-rings and bracelets are not very general, but we have seen some very elegant new pattern necklaces in pearl. Coloured stones are not at all worn.

White cornelian ornaments are adopted by a few fashionables in half-dress, but plain gold ones are considered most fashionable.

Fashionable colours for the month are, azure, blush-colour, lilac, lemon-colour, and all the lighter shades of green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, April 19.

My dear Sophia,

ABOUT three weeks ago our promenades were filled with fair fashionables attired in cambric muslin gowns, and velvet spencers *à l'Anglaise,* at least we call them so. They were made tight to the shape, with a full puckering of velvet round the throat instead of a collar; a plain long sleeve, and a single fall of black lace set on very full round the waist. This English mania of ours, however, has pretty well subsided, and our promenade dresses are now much more varied. Spencers, scarfs, shawls, and small lace handkerchiefs, are all in estimation. The former are composed entirely of levantine or satin, velvet and merino being entirely exploded.

The manner in which spencers are made at present is singularly *outré* and unbecoming to the shape. They are still worn very short in the waist, made quite tight to the shape, and buttoned down the front. A band of the same material as the spencer confines it to the waist, but it is cut in a peak before and behind. The long sleeve, which is nearly tight to the arm, is ornamented in front with a row of buttons, placed at regular distances of about a nail asunder. A small standing collar comes up close round the throat. The buttons are of silk; they are shaped like an olive. Some dashing *belles* substitute gold Maltese buttons, which they wear also upon high dresses. These buttons are the only ornament of the spencer, as it is bound with a silk gimp so narrow as to be scarcely perceptible. Much more tasteful and becoming is the Iris scarf, disposed round the figure in careless folds; it is composed of silk net, the colours of the rainbow. Some *élégantes,* who affect simplicity, wear an azure, citron, lilac, or tartan silk half-handkerchief of a very large size, tied behind in a bow and long ends. White silk shawls, elegantly embroidered at each end in bouquets of natural flowers, are also in favour for the promenade. They are, in my opinion, at once elegant and appropriate to the time of year.

And now, my Sophia, what words

shall I employ to give you an idea of the various shapes and ornaments of the fashionable *chapeaus* and *capotes?* The materials most tonish at present are, white straw, white crape, and satin. The peasant's bonnet, which is always composed of white straw, is an elegantly plain walking bonnet. The crown is of an oval form, rather low, and the front, which is extremely large, is square on one side, and very much sloped at the other; the edge of the front is ornamented by a full puffing of blond, which is headed by a plaiting of net. These hats are trimmed with *bouillons* of ribbon, which are generally striped in two or three colours. A band of this ribbon is sometimes passed across the crown through an opening at the side of the bonnet. Bunches of flowers are generally placed at the side; and as the flowers and ribbons always correspond in colour, the effect is really elegant.

Crape bonnets, the crowns of which are round and very full, the fulness confined by broad rollios of white satin, are much in favour for the dress promenade. The brim is quite round, but projects more on the left side than the right. A bunch of lilac and narcissus, intermixed with branches of fir, ornaments it in front, and a crape half-handkerchief, edged with lace, ties it under the chin.

You know that for the three last days of Passion-week the most fashionable promenade is Longchamp; there all the *élégantes* of Paris repair; and happy is the *marchande des modes* who can produce upon this occasion the greatest number of new and fantastic head-dresses: she is certain to dispose of them, for every body is desirous of appearing at Longchamp attired in a style of taste and novelty. I cannot speak highly of the taste of our fair fashionables, but some of their head-dresses were novel enough in all conscience. Some ladies wore small hats, which had high narrow crowns; they were composed of crape, white satin, or blond, on which were placed, obliquely, five or six rollios of different coloured satins: carmine red, lilac, citron, deep green, and blue, were sometimes crowded together upon one hat. The front, which was very small, was formed of three or four rows of satin placed a little above one another, of corresponding colours to the rollios. Immense bunches of flowers, intermingled with branches of fir, ornamented these whimsical hats.

Other *belles* had ornamented their hats with five or six tulips, to which the roots were attached; these were sometimes worn in a bunch, and at others placed round the crown of the hat at regular distances from each other. Tartan ribbons and handkerchiefs were sported by several dashing fashionables; some had the crowns of their hats ornamented at the top by a square silk handkerchief, either blue, lilac, green, or red, which was cut in points; these points were edged with tartan ribbon. These handkerchiefs were doubled and plaited so as to fall over the crown. Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, several *capotes* were composed of that heavy material *gros de Naples;* they were generally white, and were profusely trimmed with tartan ribbons.

Perkale is now adopted both for

morning and dinner dress. A round dress of a simple and becoming form is most fashionable in the former. The body, which is entirely loose, is confined to the waist by a sash of tartan ribbon, or a plain band of muslin; it is made up to the throat, and has a high collar composed of *bouillons* of clear muslin. The long sleeve is rather full, and the fulness is confined down the arm by rows of gimp. *Bouillons* of clear muslin, to correspond with the collar, form a pretty cuff. A broad piece of clear muslin, divided into three or four rows of *bouillons* by gimp placed between each row, forms the trimming of the skirt.

Perkale, clear and worked muslin, and China crape, are all worn for dinner dress. Gowns are now cut much higher round the bust, so as to form what you would call three-quarter-high dresses. The fronts of dresses are quite plain, the backs broader than when I wrote last, and the sleeve falls very little off the shoulder. Long plain sleeves, finished at the wrist by rollios of satin, or *bouillons* of muslin, are universal in dinner dress. All muslin dresses are trimmed nearly to the knee with *bouillons* of muslin, which are sometimes interspersed with satin ribbon. These *bouillons* are in general so beautifully worked, that at a distance they might easily be mistaken for lace. China crape is generally trimmed with bands of satin.

Gauze has taken place of *tulle* for full dress, and white satin is also much worn. The trimming is always *bouillons*. "What!" methinks I hear you say, "morning, dinner, and evening dress all trimmed alike!" Even so, my dear; we have a *mania* for this kind of trimming at present. For evening dress it is composed of blond in general, but sometimes gauze is used. White silk trimming, or rollios of satin, are always intermixed with this trimming.

The bodies and sleeves of full dresses are now profusely ornamented with point lace; the latter are sometimes entirely composed of it. Small pelerines of lace are frequently affixed to the backs of dresses, and sometimes are so contrived as to form a half-sleeve *à la mancheron.* White satin girdles, about an inch in breadth, fastened in front by a diamond, pearl, or ruby clasp, are generally adopted by our most tonish *élégantes.*

I have nothing new to tell you of *coeffures* for full dress, except that the cap *à la Bacchante* is exploded. *Tocques* are again fashionable, but youthful *belles* frequently appear in their hair without any ornament whatever. The front hair continues to be worn very light over the temples. One half of the hind hair is brought up in a full tuft to the top of the head; the other is platted in three bands, which are twisted round the tuft.

Small lockets, set in pearls, with bouquets of flowers, formed of coloured gems on one side, and a sentimental motto on the other, have lately appeared in full-dress jewellery; they are generally affixed to a chain of pearl. Gold ornaments, very elegantly wrought, are also worn both in full and half dress.

The fashionable colours at present are very numerous: citron, lilac, blue, dark and light green, amaranth red, pale pink, and cher-

ry-colour, are all in favour. I have just room to tell you I am truly glad you liked the dress I sent you for Lady N——'s ball.

Adieu! write soon, and believe me always most sincerely your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN will publish on the 1st of May, the first number of a *Series of Incidents of English Bravery* during the late Campaigns on the Continent, by A. Atkinson; to be completed in six monthly numbers. Each number will contain four designs, printed by the lithographic process.

The Costume of the Netherlands, illustrated by thirty coloured engravings, after drawings by Miss Semple; with descriptive letter-press, in English and French; is now completed in three parts, imperial 4to.

Mr. Parkinson, of Hoxton, intends publishing, in the course of the month, an *Essay on the Shaking Palsy*.

Mr. James Riley, late master of the American brig Commerce, is preparing for publication, in 4to. a *Narrative* of the Loss of that Vessel, wrecked on the west coast of Africa in August 1815; with an Account of the Sufferings and Captivity of her surviving Officers and Crew in the Great African Desert. The work will contain also some particulars of the cities of Tombuctoo and Wassanah, the latter situate on the banks of the Niger, fifty days' journey to the south-east of the former, by an Arab traveller, who gave the details to the author in the presence of William Willshire, Esq. by whose generosity Mr. Riley was delivered from slavery.

Mr. Arthur Young continues, notwithstanding the loss of sight, to amuse himself with literary pursuits. He has in the press, by the title of *Oweniana*, a selection from the works of Dr. Owen, on the same plan as his Baxteriana, lately published.

Mr. Brewin of Leicester has completed a translation of the *Life of Haydn*, which will be accompanied with notes by Mr. W. Gardiner.

Miss Spence will speedily publish a new tour in Scotland, by a route not hitherto noticed by any other traveller to the North, under the title of *Letters from the North Highlands*, which are addressed to Miss Jane Porter.

The Rev. Mr. Bicheno has in the press, an *Examination of the Prophecies*, with a view to ascertain the probable issue of the recent restoration of the old dynasties; of the revival of Popery; and of the present mental ferment in Europe: as likewise how far Great Britain is likely to share in the calamities by which Providence will accomplish the final overthrow of the kingdoms of the Roman monarchy.

Mr. James Thomson has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, *De Courci*, a tale, in two cantos; with other poems, including commemorative addresses written for several public institutions.

Mr. Griffiths is preparing for the press, an historical romance of the

fourteenth century, in which the manners of our ancestors are displayed; with the singular adventures of a god-daughter of King Richard II. and some particulars of that monarch not yet made public.

Mr. Richard Davenport has published some curious particulars relative to boiling tar. Some of our readers may know, and many may probably have heard without believing, while to others it will be quite new, to hear that a man can dip his hand into boiling tar without injury. Being lately at Chatham dock-yard, where he saw a cauldron of tar in a state of ebullition, Mr. Davenport asked the workmen if they had ever seen any one dip his hand into tar in that state. "One of them," says he, "immediately dipped his hand and wrist in, bringing out fluid tar, and pouring it off from his hand as from a ladle. Satisfied that there was no deception, I dipped in the entire length of my fore-finger, and moved it about a short time before the heat became inconvenient." He repeated the experiment with the tar thoroughly boiling and the thermometer at 220°, plunging in his finger and making three oscillations of six or eight inches, which occupied between two and three seconds of time. The heat did not rise to any painful degree, though it adhered to the skin just like any other liquid of similar viscidity. From subsequent experiments, he has found that he cannot bear the heat of water at 140° so long as that of tar at 220°.

The forthcoming Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, which opens on the 21st inst. is expected to be unusually brilliant: it is known that Mr. Glover has been making extraordinary exertions; and his coadjutors will not be behind him in their endeavours to support their well-earned fame.

Poetry.

THE MAID OF THAVIES' INN.

THE sky may be serene and clear,
No low'ring clouds nor vapours near;
But still 'tis dark and gloomy night
Till Phœbus burst upon the sight,
To scatter glories far and near,
And splendour o'er our mortal sphere:
Thus I in whelming darkness lay,
Unfavour'd with a cheering day,
Nor did my rapture's dawn begin,
Till sprung the light from Thavies' Inn.

The lark, sweet warbler of the sky,
When tempests gather, winds blow high,
Desponding and heart-broken lies,
And vainly seeks for joy, that flies;
But sadly onward still must mourn,
Till genial spring again return:
So I, when parted from thy sight,
Feel winter's chill and winter's blight;
Nor cease my mis'ry to deplore,
Till Fortune shall again restore
The view—(oh, call not this a sin!)
Of thee, sweet maid of Thavies' Inn.

The sailor, coursing o'er the main
In quest of unsubstantial gain,
Or anchor'd in some spicy bay,
Still thinks of home, that's far away,
And little recks his varied store
While parted from his Mary's core;
But when the beacon meets his eye,
Where lingers yet the parting sigh,

He soon forgets his dangers past,
And all is happiness at last:
So I, amid the world's fell strife,
Still feel the weariness of life;
But yet there hovers round my heart
A feeling I dare scarce impart,
A thought that lifts my soul on high,
And touches chords of ecstasy:
A boon so blest, how may I win?
Say, lovely maid of Thavies' Inn!
B. B. ESPERANCE.

ADDRESS

Sent to the UNITED SERVICE CLUB *on its Formation,*

By the Author of "THE BRIDE OF SESTOS."

Has then my heart its warmest wish fulfill'd?
Is there a spot where friendship may unite,
Where Valour's sons at length may find a home,
And taste of sympathy the dear delight?
Where vet'rans, honour'd by their country's praise,
Repose them 'neath the venerable shade
Of laurels, produce of as hard-fought fields
As e'er repaid the patriotic blade?
Where 'mid the tumult of the festal hall,
If chance some kind-one plead in virtue's praise,
Portray her sinking 'mid the storms of fate,
He might a spark of kindred feeling raise?
Delightful thought! their sterner duties o'er,
(Companions still in friendship as in arms,)
A gentler flame unquench'd of Fortune rude,
With steady fire their faithful bosom warms!
O sacred flame! more ample mayst thou spread,
United in affection as in fame!
Thy brightness now enwreathes a brother's deeds,
And blends the *sailor's* with the *soldier's* name.
Lock'd in the adamant of mutual love,
Together have ye fought, together bled,
Wrested his empire from your giant foe,
And brought down retribution on his head.
Go on, resistless in your brilliant course,
The bulwark of a throne, your country's choice;
Hem round the progeny of patriot kings,
Rais'd to the purple by a nation's voice.
In sterling merit, unobtrusive worth,
As ye have well begun, increase, abound,
'Till the fair swelling circle ye have form'd,
Embrace a universe within its bound!
Upraise the fallen, whatsoe'er his birth,
If Justice on his cause impress her seal;
Befriend the many, who, alas! but waste,
Like lamps o'er shrines, their unproductive zeal!
Unclose that hand, rich with the proudest spoil
That ever fill'd the grasp of victory,
And crown their long career of glory past,
Thou soldier's brightest virtue, Charity!
Barrosa's lord*, coy Vict'ry's darling child,
Whose laurels thou hast ravish'd, in a mood
More fitting him, who with a spoiler hand
Snatches the conquests which he should have wooed:
Pre-eminent amid the brave and good,
Envy, the suicide at others' joys,
For thy dear sake, has rang'd on Virtue's side,
And even enemies *thy praise* employs.
Nor dying warrior's sad bequest and hope,
Nor sovereign's favour stamping merit's claim,
Nor adoration of a host in arms,
Have laid the basis of thy well-earn'd fame:
Where'er thine arm, where'er thy tongue,
In aught could benefit the public weal,
Battle, or cabinet, thou e'er art found,
With all a boy's impetuous, ardent zeal.

* Lord Lyndoch.

Nor age's winter, nor incessant toil,
Nor change of clime, thy sinews have unstrung;
In vain disease, relentless fate, or time—
The heart of heroes is for ever young!
Thou* too, their chief in every honest art,
To quench distress's torrent-gushing tears,
Shield of the fatherless, and refuge sure
Of modest worth, sinking beneath her fears—
Oh! I adjure that love-fraught gen'rous breast,
That kindly anxious, that enthusiast heart,
Where sad affliction may her suit prefer,
And virtuous poverty her grief impart;
By widows' sighs, by orphans' tears,
By bashful merit rais'd by thee to fame,
By all the virtues of a soldier's heart,
And all thy charities without a name—
That honest joy, if vict'ry crown'd thine aim,
To change to happiness the mourner's pain,
And that which makes e'en disappointment sweet—
By all thy holy sadness when 'twas vain,
Oh! let not courtly pride find entrance there,
The loud unkind debate, contention rude,
Nor other emulation save the strife,
The godlike glorious strife, of doing good!

* Duke of York.

Written on the Back of a Picture,
By Mrs. M'Mullan.

Gay was the earth, and rich the sky,
Ere life's sweet morn was blighted;
Spring, summer, autumn, winter came,
And found thee still delighted.

Each look was love, each heart was warm,
Life was one blest sensation;
There rose no mist to cloud the ray
That brighten'd all creation.

Yet soon the o'erwhelming tempest came,
Soon halcyon days departed;
Joy wing'd her way beyond the storm,
While peace droop'd broken-hearted.

The summer hour, the autumn day,
Restored no long-lost blessing;
Spring came—but yet revived no trace
Of feeling worth possessing.

The heart's pulsations ne'er awoke,
Till one sweet voice invited;
Oh! then it panted—paused—revived—
Throbb'd blissful—was united!

And joy's emotions all return'd,
Glowing and warm as ever,
Shall torpid touch those pulses chill?—
No, dearest, never—never!

FRAGMENT.

In one or other teen of years,
The youth forsakes his school;
Nor task, nor ferula, he fears
(The dread of ev'ry fool):
But on his destin'd future life
His eager mind is bent;
In unknown cares, and "*certain strife,*"
His ev'ry wish is pent.

Then next, to *prove* the chosen text,
He seals his bondage fast;
In arts or studies now perplex'd,
Till 'prenticeship is past.
That o'er, new thoughts spring in his mind,
(Forsooth the boy's a man!)
And scheme succeeding scheme now floats,
And plan receding plan.

Ah! see, vain youth, thy fancy'd ease
On Fancy's wing is gone!
How vain thy labours all to please,
But toiling pleases none!
Thus man from goal to goal is led,
By Fancy's varied hue;
In vain he grasps, 'till life is sped,
The while his hopes in view.

Homogenes.

N—— A——,
26th Mar. 1817.

THE BANKS OF THE CAM.

Aid me, aid me, heavenly Muse!
'Twill be cruel to refuse—
Tell me plainly, if I am
On the classic banks of Cam?
Cam, whose streams with Isis claim
Equal or superior fame;—
Tell me, Muse, for here I stray,
Fearing I have lost my way.

Hark! along the crowded shore,
Barges clash, and bargemen roar,
With that elegance of speech
Science ne'er presumes to teach:
These were sounds for Bilin's dames,
These were scenes for father Thames;
But they surely cannot be
Near an University!

Lead me from this place of riot,
Where the waters, calm and quiet,
Flow beside fair Learning's dome;
Where thy votaries love to roam,
In whose gestures, looks, and pace,
Inspiration I may trace—
Freed from wonder and surprise,
Then I shall believe my eyes!

Now the noisy clamours cease—
Now I reach the haunts of peace;
But long plains without a hill,
Streams like stagnant marshes, still,
Cheerless, changeless, lifeless, Dutch—
Granta cannot sure be such!
Shew me, heavenly Muse, or tell,
Who can in these regions dwell?

See the musing bands appear—
Nought they see, and nought they hear;
Lost in unremitted thought,
Mutter much, but utter nought;
Fix their eyes upon the ground—
In the air draw signs profound;
Dirty, squalid, meagre, wan,
Each a fraction of a man:
While the sagest wight is known,
Stalking in a tatter'd gown,
Shapeless cap, neglected dress,
And supreme in ugliness!

Sophs! most erudite and wise,
Undisturb'd soliloquize!
Your appearance on the plain
Renders all inquiry vain,
And King's Chapel peeping out
Through the trees, dispels my doubt—
Ye are Cantabs, and I am
On the classic banks of Cam.

—Hear me now, celestial Muse,
And a Freshman's crime excuse,
Who, unskill'd in Granta's lore,
Taught to rhyme, and little more—
With unmathematic eye,
Could not half the charms descry,
Seen by people more discerning,
In this famous seat of learning.

A Freshman.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.